THE

ROYAL

4D.

No. 31. Vol. VI.—May, 1901.

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Don't

THROW MONEY AWAY ON . . . DOUBTFUL . . . REMEDIES . . .

AND DO . . .
NOT BE . . .
INDUCED . . .
to buy an article of which little or nothing is known.

STOP BEING MISLED.

The Proprietor of **BEECHAM'S PILLS** does not publish testimonials, but he could fill a volume with those he has received if he so pleased.

He is content to let **BEECHAM'S PILLS** stand on their own merits, knowing they recommend themselves; this they have done, are doing, and will continue to do.

REFRAIN FROM MAKING EXPERIMENTS with so-called remedies, but adhere to

BEECHAM'S PILLS,

the bridge that has probably carried you over many an anxious time.

But if you have never tried **BEECHAM'S PILLS,** then ask your parents or friends what they think of them, and judge by what they say; you can generally trust your own acquaintances, though there are some folks it is very hard to believe, just as there are some advertisements published which are open to grave suspicion.

You can get 56 BEECHAM'S PILLS in a box labelled 1s. 1½d.
You can get 168 BEECHAM'S PILLS in a box labelled 2s. 9d.

No other advertiser of a recognised first-class medicine gives such good value, so **WHY THROW AWAY MONEY ON DOUBTFUL AND UNTRIED REMEDIES?** **BEECHAM'S PILLS** have been before the public for over FIFTY years, and in spite of all opposition are to-day *MORE POPULAR THAN EVER,* and why?

Because **THEY RECOMMEND THEMSELVES.**

RADCLIFFE
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TWO ROCKS.—'The bedrock of unflinching principle and the bedrock of illimitable COMMON SENSE.'—*Rosebery.*

'Let us have faith that makes right, and in that faith let us to the end DARE to do our DUTY as we UNDERSTAND IT.'—*President Lincoln.*

FOR SOME WISE CAUSE

IT IS THE LITTLE THINGS THAT RULE THIS LIFE,

OR, IN OTHER WORDS:—

'Sow an Act, and you Reap a Habit;
Sow a Habit, and you Reap a Character;
Sow a Character, and you Reap a Destiny.'
—THACKERAY.

'And such is human life, so gliding on;
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!'

MORAL:—

'In Life's PLAY the Player of the Other Side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always Fair, Just, and Patient, but we also know to our cost that he never overlooks a Mistake. It's for you to find out WHY YOUR EARS ARE BOXED.'—*Huxley.*

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.

THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF LIVING—partaking of TOO RICH FOODS, as PASTRY, SACCHARINE, and FATTY SUBSTANCES, ALCOHOLIC DRINKS, and an INSUFFICIENT AMOUNT of EXERCISE—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. EXPERIENCE shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or old whisky largely diluted with pure mineral water charged only with natural gas, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is PECULIARLY ADAPTED for any CONSTITUTIONAL WEAKNESS of the LIVER; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Therefore NO FAMILY SHOULD EVER BE WITHOUT IT.

INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, SICKNESS, etc.—"I have often thought of writing to tell you what 'FRUIT SALT' has done for me. I used to be a perfect martyr to Indigestion and Biliousness. About six or seven years back my husband suggested I should try 'FRUIT SALT.' I did so, and the result has been marvellous: I never have the terrible pains and sickness I used to have; I can eat almost anything now. I always keep it in the house and recommend it to my friends, as it is such an invaluable pick-me-up if you have a headache or don't feel just right.—Yours truly,
"————— (August 8th, 1900)."

THE WAR.—Extract from a letter received from a Corporal, 1st Rifle Brigade, Vaal Krantz Hill, Natal: "I am pleased to be able to tell you I am in excellent health, owing, I believe, to my taking ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' which I was able to buy some time back. It is very dear here, but I think the money well spent."—February 13th, 1900.

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on a DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, or FEVERISH condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—*See Capsule marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a WORTHLESS imitation.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

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THE JOHN NOBLE COSTUMES AND MANTLES

Sent by Parcel Post without delay, safely packed. Satisfaction given or money returned.

THREE GOLD MEDALS AWARDED

FOR

Excellence of Style, Material, Make & Finish.

PATTERNS SENT POST FREE

Of the Famous **COSTUME COATING** and **JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE** and of the Superior Wool Serge in which the higher priced Costumes are made.

A FULL DRESS LENGTH of Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating (6 yards, 52 inches wide) for **7/6**; carriage 8d.

COLOURS: Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Fawn, Grey, and Royal Blue.

SIZES IN STOCK of Ladies' Costumes are 34, 36, 38 inches round bust (under arms); Waists, 24, 26, 28 inches; Skirts being 38, 40, 42 inches long in front. Any other size made to measure for 2/- extra.

AN AUSTRIAN CUSTOMER WRITES:

These John Noble Costumes are most excellent wear, nothing approaching them in Value and Quality is to be obtained here. This is the fourth Costume I have had, and it will not be the last.

A NEW COSTUME.

No. 517.

At 15/- and 30/-

Tailor-made in Costume Coating or in John Noble Cheviot Serge. Bodice lined through, and prettily trimmed, with vest of cream lace between folds of material **15/-** and velvet. Price complete only 15/-; carriage, 6d. Or the Complete Costume in a good Wool Serge, Black or Navy, made specially to measure and lined throughout, for **30/-**; carriage free.

GIRLS' SAILOR OUTFIT.

MODEL 504.

Made in Navy or Black Cheviot Serge, consisting of Skirt, Sailor Blouse, Flannel Vest, and a Smart Saeque Reefer Coat, which is lined through. This is a particularly serviceable outfit, and is excellent value for money.

Lengths and Prices:

21	24	27	30	33	36 inches.
11/9	12/9	13/9	15/-	16/6	18/- each.

Also in Strong Wool Serge, Excellent Quality.

13/9 14/9, 16/-, 17/6, 19/6, 21/6.

Carriage 6d. extra.

MODEL 313.

At 10/6 or 21/-

Consists of double-breasted tailor-fashioned Reefer Coat, Skirt of latest shape, with box pleat back. Produced in John Noble Cheviot Serge **10/6** or Costume Coating. Price 10/6 complete, carriage 6d. extra; Skirt alone, 5/6, carriage 5d. extra, or the Costume complete in Superior Wool Serge for **21/-**, special measure sizes **21/-**, **23/6**, carriage free. Skirt alone **10/6**, carriage 5d.

WELL-TRIMMED HAT, as sketch, **8/11**, carriage 6d. extra.

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Received by First Post, addressed "Funeral Department," and enclosing an extra fee of 1/-, are guaranteed to be sent off same night.

SUMMER DRESS FABRICS.

A large box of Patterns of the latest British and Continental Dress Goods lent to choose from, and sent carriage paid, together with the new illustrated Price List.

Kindly name "Royal Magazine" when writing to

JOHN NOBLE Ltd 44, BROOK STREET MILLS, MANCHESTER

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Wonderful White Shirts are making a name for themselves wherever the English language is spoken.

They are cut in Thousands, and made in Thousands on uniform lines, hence their extraordinary value.

They are sent out "Unlaundried," direct from the needle to the customer, and according to the testimony of many patrons are just about half the ordinary price of those sold ready-dressed

They are in Three Qualities:

The "Defiance." Pure linen cuffs and fronts. A wonderful shirt; **2/6** each, **14/6** per half-dozen, post free.

The "Conqueror." Reversible Cuffs, to button back or front, **3/3** each, **18/9** per half-dozen, post free.

The "City Shirt." "Fit for a duke to wear." Reversible cuffs, button back or front. Sample for **3/9**, or **21/6** per half-dozen, either post free.

The "City Evening Shirt." Broad front, with one stud hole and large cuffs. Samples **3/9** each, **21/6** per half-dozen, post free.

Mention size of Neckband and whether to button back or front.

TESTIMONIAL.

(Selected from hundreds of others.)

Savings Bank, G.P.O.,
Perth, West Australia.
22/2/1900.

Gentlemen,—Please accept my thanks for the promptness with which you executed my small order, at the same time I must say that their value far surpasses shirts here at 6/6 each by the dozen. Trusting to send you further orders,

I am, yours faithfully,
WILL C. FREEMAN.

ADDRESS,

PETTIGREW & STEPHENS,
Manufacturers (Dept. **S**),
181-193, Sauchiehall St.,
GLASGOW.

"Just as good" means taking chances.

You take no chance when buying a pair of

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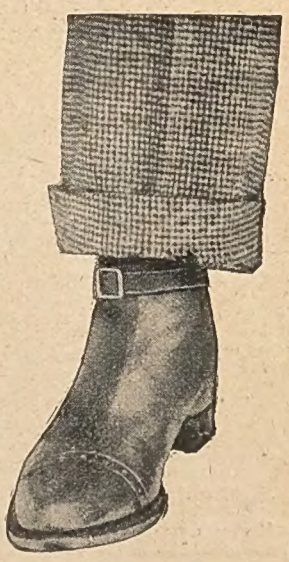
BOOTS



They give you that free and easy feeling in walking that is a comfort and pleasure. Thousands of men have never had a pair of boots that really fitted, but simply put their feet into the nearest size the dealer could give. We shape to the human foot. Give us a trial order.

PRICE 14/6, and upwards.
Postage 6d. extra. 2/- Europe, 3/6 Colonies.

London Address: 35, Norfolk St., Strand.

On receipt of Post Card we will send (free) our Catalogue which gives full particulars of the different qualities and leathers, also Self-measurement Forms, or call at either of our Show-rooms and judge for yourself.

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KIRKSTALL ROAD, LEEDS.

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It is VERY SHORTSIGHTED POLICY

and decidedly opposed to economy for buyers of Gold and Silver Watches, Diamonds, Jewellery, Cutlery, Plate, &c., &c., to entertain the money grabbing, debt-incurring Instalment Systems promoted by many firms. These Systems are simply traps for the unwary, and extort exorbitant prices for inferior goods, bringing in their trail debts which frequently hang over extended periods.

The only system which ensures perfect satisfaction to its patrons is H. SAMUEL'S SAFE CASH SYSTEM. It enables you to get better value for less money than elsewhere, saving you all intermediate profits between factory and user, which amount to nearly fifty per cent. It also secures complete immunity from debt.

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excites interest in, and enlivens the most melancholy. Its 200 pages gleam with a collection of beautiful and charming goods, depicted by over 3,000 magnificent illustrations and descriptions, and this money-saving charmer is yours for the asking! Send a post-card to-day, and a copy will be sent you by return carriage paid, as

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Free Bonus Rewards

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"ACME" Patent LEVER WATCH

25/-

(as illustrated) in SOLID STERLING SILVER CASE, fine Three-Quarter Plate Movement, extra jewelled and fitted with dust and damp-tight cap, and with H. SAMUEL'S Special Improvements, protected by Royal Letters Patent.

Five Years' Warranty with every "ACME."

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Money refunded or goods exchanged if dissatisfied.

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White, Cream, Ecru and 12 Art Shades. CURTAINS, frilled two sides and bottom, 3yds. long, 56in. wide 6/9 per pair; 3½yds., 7/9 per pair. *May also be had by the yard, 56in. wide, frilled both sides, 11½d. per yard.* Sample Book of Plain and Fancy Muslins sent on approval ROLLER BLINDS, edged with Lace or Fringe, from 4/- each. Samples of Materials on approval. ROMAN CARPETS, TAPESTRIES, CRETONNES, FANCY VELVETS, ART SILKS, ART LINENS, PLUSHETTES, ART SERGES, &c. Patterns on approval. Table Covers, Cushion Squares, Mantel Borders. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Heavy Curtains, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Stair Pads, Linoleum, Cork Carpet, &c., Post Free. Lace and Muslin Curtains cleaned equal to new.

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Direct from the Warehouse.

THE HAPPY HOME PARCEL. 1 pair elegant Drawing-room Curtains, 4yds. long, 2yds. wide; 1 pair splendid Dining-room Curtains, 3½yds. long, 52in. wide; 1 pair Breakfast Room Curtains, floral style, 3yds. long, 52in wide; 1 pair pretty Beoroom Curtains, 3yds. long, 40in. wide. All Knitted edges. 1 Lace Stand Cover, 2 Real Lace Toilet Mats. The Lot, carriage paid, 17s. 6d. White or Ecru. Such handsome value has never before been offered. Money returned if not approved. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Frilled Curtains, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Matting, Carpet Felts, &c., Post Free.

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Direct from the Warehouse. Marvellous Value. An entirely new Seamless and Reversible Carpet. May be had in Moss-Green, Terra Cotta Art Blue, and Crimson. It is the most durable carpet made and will wear for years when subjected to the hardest wear. 6ft. by 9ft., 9/-; 7ft. by 9ft., 11/3; 9ft. by 9ft., 13/6; 10ft. by 9ft., 15/9; 12ft. by 9ft., 18/-; 13½ft. by 9ft., 20/3; 10½ft. by 10½ft., 18/6; 12ft. by 10½ft., 21/6; 13½ft. by 10½ft., 23/9; 12ft. by 12ft., 24/-; 13½ft. by 12ft., 27/-; 15ft. by 12ft., 30/- 18ft. by 12ft., 36/-; 21ft. by 12ft., 42/-. HEARTHRUGS to match, 6ft. by 3ft., 3/- each. GORRINGE ART STAIR CARPET to match, 18in. wide, 10½d.; 22in., 1/0½; 27in., 1/3 per yard. Plain, 1½d. per yard less. Patterns on approval Lists Free. Linoleum, Cork Carpet, &c.

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Trial Bottle, Post Free **7D.**

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GREY HAIR

SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent washable and absolutely harmless. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. Contains no lead, silver, sulphur, &c. Trial Bottle 7d., post free. (Sent secretly packed.) State colour required.

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Equal in size and quality to any machine. Works by hand or treadle. Four years' guarantee.

To ensure satisfaction, machine sent on receipt of 5s. P.O. for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL. Balance can be paid 5s. Monthly. Write for designs and samples of work—**The Atlas Sewing Machine Co.**, 182E, High St., Camden Town, London; or 63, Seven Sisters Rd., and 14, High Rd., Kilburn.

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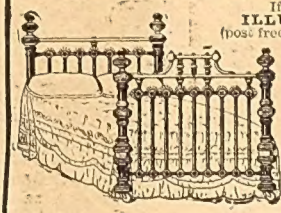

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BEDDING,
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And Hundreds of Useful Articles. ASTONISHING VALUE. Direct from the Factory at 25 per cent. less than Retail Prices.

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OETZMANN & CO.,

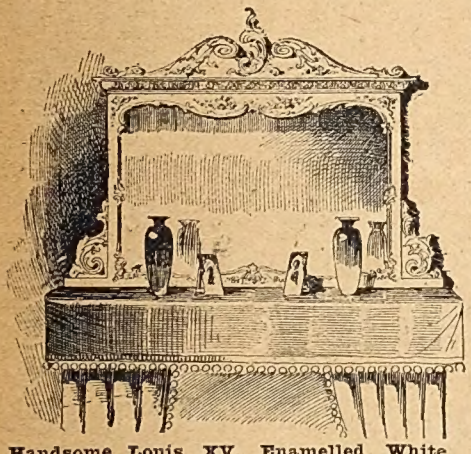
HAMPSTEAD ROAD, W.

(Continuation North of Tottenham Court Road.)

60 & 61, GRAFTON STREET, DUBLIN; 75, UNION STREET, RYDE.

AN IMMENSE SAVING in the Cost of FURNISHING can be effected by consulting Oetzmann & Co.'s ***"Illustrated Guide to House Furnishing,"*** Gratis and Post Free.

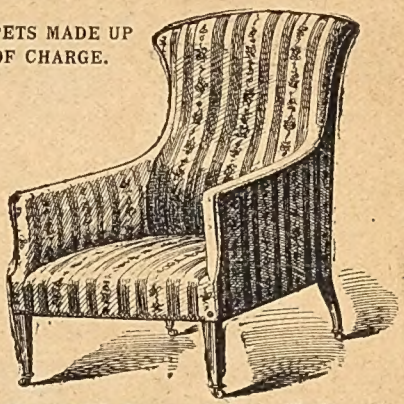
ADDITIONAL SHOW ROOMS have been added to the ANTIQUE and SUPERIOR SECOND-HAND FURNITURE DEPARTMENTS.



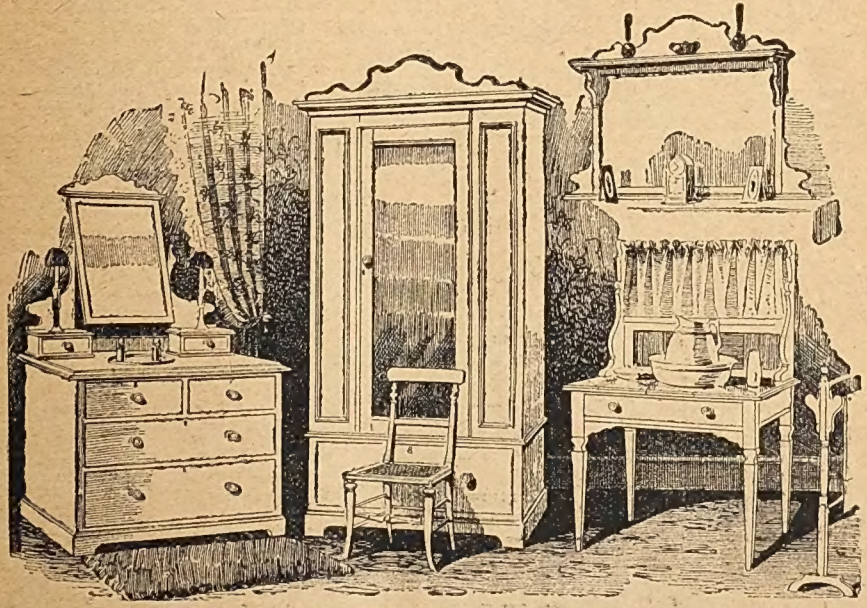
Handsome Louis XV. Enamelled White Chimney Glass, 4ft. wide by 3ft. high, **£1 15 0**

ALL CARPETS MADE UP FREE OF CHARGE.

HOUSES TO BE LET OR SOLD, Town or Country. PARTICULARS FREE.



The "20th Century" Easy Chair, with Spring Seat, upholstered and covered in tapestry **£1 1 0**



The "Dalkey" Enamelled White Bedroom Suite, Wardrobe with plate-glass door and drawer below, Dressing Chest of four drawers, with jewel drawers and toilet glass above, Washstand with marble top and tiled back and curtain above, Towel Horse, and Two Chairs, complete **£5 10 0**

Chimney Glass to match, 3ft. 6in. wide, 3ft. high **£1 8 0**

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ASTHMA

WHY is it generally thought that there is no cure for **Asthma, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, Shortness of Breath,** *BLOOD SPITTING, &c.?*

BECAUSE the usual treatments only confine themselves to combating single symptoms instead of attacking the root of the disease.

BE SURE THERE IS ONE

ABSOLUTE LASTING CURE.

Sufferers will receive, Post Free, FREE of CHARGE, particulars of the famous WEIDHAAS HOME TREATMENT, when applying to The Paul Weidhaas, Hygienic Institute, 16, T.P., Buckingham Road, Brighton.

Mr. Weidhaas has tried the treatment on himself, and had then practised it for over 19 years in many thousands of Special Cases. Many having suffered for over 40 years have been cured by his treatment (in some instances even at the age of 70 or 80 years), after having been

GIVEN UP AS INCURABLE.

Read the following Testimonial, one out of scores received—

ASTHMA & EMPHYSEMA CURED.

For ten years I suffered daily, summer and winter, from violent asthmatical attacks, which were most severe at night, and I had to sit up in bed or by the fire. I had violent coughing, with much frothy phlegm. When I tried to loosen it my breath got so short that I thought I should suffocate, having also dreadful pain in the chest and head. The attack lasted two or three hours. There was so much wheezing and rattling in my chest and back, it could be heard in the next room. I was under four medical men, who only afforded me temporary relief. After applying Mr. P. Weidhaas' excellent system a few weeks I began to improve. After strictly following his directions for about six weeks I felt as well as ever I did. I have been completely restored, and can recommend his cure to all suffering from Asthma, SAMUEL BELL, Whitchaven.

(Address on application.)

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£1,000

to any Charitable Institution if the above is not a genuine extract from the patient's own letter. The original may be seen at The Paul Weidhaas Hygienic Institute by any bona-fide inquirers.

CURABLE

FREE WHEELING

X Frames for both sexes, Construction, Nickelling on Copper, Liquid Brazing, etc., are illustrated and described in the

RALEIGH

Prices from £10 10 Cash, or Easy Terms.

Recommended by all C.T.C. and other Experts

BOOK which "The Cyclist" says is "interesting, comprehensive, and convincing," and should be studied before buying ANY Cycle. FREE from London Depot, 41, Holborn Viaduct, "Raleigh" Agents in all Towns or post free from The Raleigh Cycle Co., Ld., Nottingham.

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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.

Three Grades of Strength.

MILD IN RED Packets and Tins.

One Quality only— THE BEST.

TAWNY (very rich flavour) IN **WHITE** Packets and Tins.

Sold by all Tobacconists and Stores.

MEDIUM IN BLUE Packets and Tins.

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Save **50** per cent. We are now supplying the Public direct with **Single Pairs at Factory Prices.**

Design Book Post Free. Send Postcard, G Dept.

G. HARDY & CO., Lace Curtain Manufacturers, City Buildings, Nottingham.

H. SMART.
(*Before Treatment.*)

The Proprietor of the 'Nonpareil' is prepared to give **£500** to anyone who can prove this case or any testimonials not genuine appearing in his advertisements.

Clyde House, Napier Road, Eastville, Bristol.
February 8th, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I cannot find words to express my thanks to you for restoring my son's hair after being off two years. I shall recommend you to all I know. Thanks for photo.

Yours sincerely, E. SMART.

Advice given to all Diseases of the Hair by

G. W. BECKETT CHASE,

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Consultations by Letter, or Personally by Appointment.

Price 1/6, 2/6, and 5/-,
WITH OR WITHOUT GREASE.

H. SMART.
(*After Treatment.*)

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A PERFECT FLOW OF INK!
which means COMFORT and additional CELERITY in writing.

MADE IN 3 SIZES AT
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25/-
UP TO
£18 18s.
Post Free.

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS.
Illustrated Catalogue post free on application.
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TWO SHIRTS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE.
IMPROVED WHITE SHIRTS
(UNDRESSED)

WITH REVERSIBLE CUFFS.
The reversible cuffs of these shirts enable them to be worn **twice**, and the wearer thus obtains practically two shirts for the price of one. In ordering please state size of collar.
The "RANELAGH," to open in front or behind, as preferred. Sample Shirt, **3 11**; ¼ doz., **11 6**; ½ doz., **22 6**. Post free.
The "ADELPHI," made with wide, heavy dress front, one stud hole, and fitted with patent side tabs and flexible waistband to prevent unsightly bulging caused by many wearers. Sample Shirt, **4 11**; ¼ doz., **14 6**; ½ doz., **28 6** post free.

REVERSIBLE PRINT SHIRTS.
For business wear. Short front, one stud hole. Open in front only. Sample Shirt, **3 6**; ¼ doz., **10/3**; ½ doz., **20/-**. Post free. Patterns on application.
FREE SAMPLE COLLAR. To introduce our Best Four-fold Irish Linen Collars, we will give Sample Collar post free to every gentleman sending trial order for our improved shirts. State size, depth, and shape required. All collars are made to FIT our shirts
HOWITSON & EARSMAN, Shirt Makers, Ranelagh Place, Liverpool.

WATCH & CHAIN For One Day's Work FREE

We send this Nickel-plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm, to Boys and Girls for selling 1½ dozen packages of **BLUINE** at 5d. each. Send your full address, including name of County, by return post, and we will forward the Bluine, post paid, and a large Premium List. **No money required.** We send the Bluine at our own risk. Send us the money that you get for it, and we send you the Watch, Chain, and Charm, post paid.

BLUINE Manfg. Co., Dept. K., WE TRUST YOU.
241, Gipsy Road, West Norwood, London.

Pearces Presents Solid Silver
QUALITY GUARANTEED BY GOVERNMENT HALL MARK

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FOR
CHOICE and CHEAPNESS,
WORTH and WEAR.
SOLID SILVER.

The Givers of Gifts

effect a real saving of money if they buy the present from Messrs. Pearce and Sons, of Huddersfield, whose new Illustrated Price List of Presents for Christenings, Birthdays, Weddings, Jubilees, and Souvenirs, Prizes and Awards for all occasions contains some strikingly beautiful articles at exceedingly small cost. Messrs. Pearce and Sons take all risks and send all goods post paid to any address in the United Kingdom, and further guarantee to satisfy all customers or return their cash. Their Pictorial List of High-class Solid Silver Novelties at very lowest cash prices will be sent post free to any reader of this Magazine.

Cigarette Case, 3in. long...	12/6
Match Box, 1½in. high ...	4 6
Photo Frame, 6½in. high ..	8 6
Puff Box 3in. high	10 -
Sugar Dredger, 4¾in., plain ...	18 -
„ chased	20 -
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Fern Pot, 3in. high	21 -
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'Apple' Jam, with Spoon, 4in. high	16/6
Cream Jug, 3in. high	12 6
Hot Water Jug, holds 1 pint, 5¼in. high,	£3 10s.

MARY STUART SILVER TEA SET.

Size.	
2 Gill ...	£5 5s.
3 „ ...	£7 5s.
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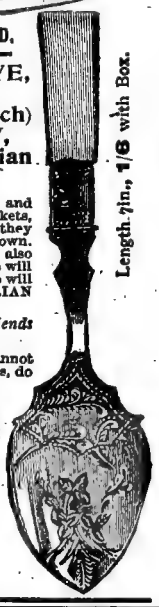

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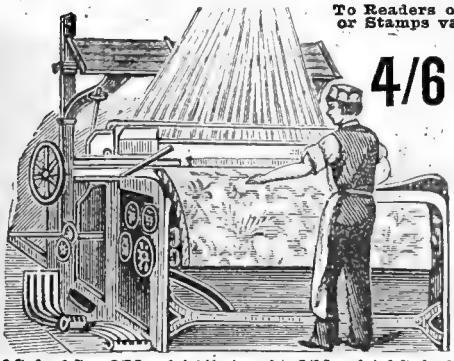

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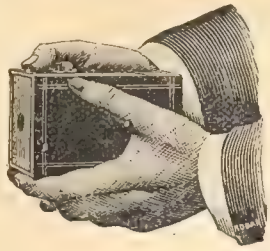

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first three half-yearly Volumes of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free 1/2.

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI.

MAY, 1901, TO OCTOBER, 1901.

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Photo Laugfier.

Miss Maud Jeffries as Mariamne, in "Herod."

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From the Stalls.

Photo, Bassano.

MISS LENA ASHWELL.

The daughter of Commander Pocock, Miss Ashwell was born on board the *Wellesley* training ship at South Shields. "I spent my childhood," she writes, "in Canada, and the out-of-door life in that colony greatly appealed to me—boating, canoeing, swimming, and camping. And the winters there were delightful. I went in heart and soul for skating, snow-shoeing, and tobogganing." Miss Ashwell was educated in Toronto and Lausanne, and in addition to being an extremely clever actress, is a musician of no mean skill.

MISS ELLALINE TERRISS

Beautiful, refined, vivacious, she is not only popular among her colleagues, but in society generally—a woman full of high spirits, fond of talk and dress and sport. "I hate the town, I adore the country," said Miss Terriss; "I am never happier than when cycling along the roads miles away from London. Fishing is a perfect joy to me, and I love shooting."

Photo, Ellis and Wallery.

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Photo, Bassano.

MISS MARGARET FRASER. . . .

"Oh no, I was never stage-struck. I don't think I should ever have gone on the stage if I hadn't been forced to by stress of circumstance, and I don't know that I like the stage to-day." When quite a girl, Miss Fraser ambitiously essayed to produce the tragedy of "William Tell," taking herself the part of the haughty tyrant. On this occasion, whether by accident or fell design, William Tell was somewhat erratic in the shooting scene, and shot his arrow right at the tyrant's head. Luckily, however, he did no serious damage.

MISS LILY BRAYTON.

If you have seen her as Mariamne you must think her a tragedienne pure and simple; if you have seen her as Viola you must own that she is a born comedienne; to see her off the stage is to be convinced that she requires nothing but her beauty she already possesses to make her a perfect woman. Miss Brayton spends her holidays at Stratford-on-Avon, and there she sets hard to work at river-picnicing and cycling.

Photo, Wilson.

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Photo, Bassano.

MISS DECIMA MOORE.

Miss Moore has got on in her profession much quicker than the majority. She made her first appearance in 1890 in the "Gondoliers" at the Savoy, and since then she has played many leading *rôles*. But success has in no way spoiled Miss Moore; she is a charming woman, quietly prepossessing, and not at all eager to dilate on herself and her triumphs. Like most actresses she is fond of out-of-door sports, riding and driving being her pet pastimes. Mr. Kipling will be gratified to know that he is Miss Moore's favourite writer, and Miss Lena Ashwell cannot help being delighted when she hears that Miss Moore is one of her firmest admirers.

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Photo, London Stereoscopic C.

MISS MABEL LOVE.

An eminent photographer remarked lately that Miss Mabel Love's extraordinary beauty had one flaw—from a photographer's point of view. "She always looks an angel," he said, "and never with any success a sprite." What the man meant was that Miss Love's face was most beautiful in perfect repose; when she smiled half the charm vanished. Childish, naive, and slightly sad in her habitual expression, and the British public, when they buy photographs of beautiful faces, prefer these faces to be smiling and happy.

MISS . . . COLLINGBOURNE.

It was a lucky day for Miss Collingbourne when Mr. George Edwardes and Miss Marie Tempest fell out over the costume the latter was to wear in "San Toy." For on Miss Tempest's resignation Miss Collingbourne stepped into her shoes, and "San Toy" became the most popular play in London. "If there is one thing I pride myself on," said this charming little lady, "it's on my make-up. I'm a great hand at it. Once I paraded as a boy at a friend's house without being discovered." We can well believe it!

Photo, Bassano.

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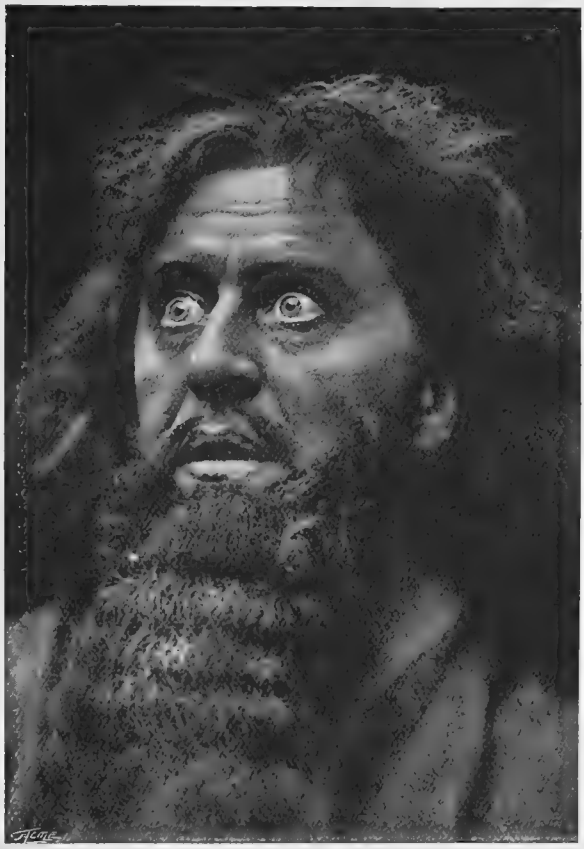

Photo, Langfier.

MR. TREE AS HEROD.

Mr. Tree's earliest attempts at act'ng took place many years ago at a certain house of business where he occupied the proud position of junior clerk. The only man who seems to have disapproved of his performances—they took place in office hours—was the head of the firm, and he informed the young man that he had better take himself to other spheres of activity. We owe that city merchant a huge debt of thanks! Had he been a tender-hearted person we should never have shuddered at Svengali or trembled at Herod. And Mr. Tree is not an actor whose ambition it is to make a fortune; he is not a rich man; his art is everything to him whether he loses or gains by it—a rare thing in these money-making days!

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Photo, Bassano.

MISS ROSIE BOOTE. . . .

When these lines appear Miss Boote may have become the Marchioness of Headfort. She is a very clever young lady. Her retirement will be a distinct loss for the stage, for she possesses that crowning attribute of an actress who wishes to get on in life—fascination. Her new position she is certain to occupy with credit.

Photo, Bassano

MISS SYBIL CARLISLE. .

Her part in the "Second in Command" is perfectly suited to Miss Carlisle's peculiar talent. She is too delicate for tragedy too refined for farce; comedy suits her exactly. Miss Carlisle is the granddaugher of the late Gen. Sir John Bisset, and a lady of quiet life and studious habits.

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Photo, London Stereoscopic Co.

MISS LILLAH M'CARTHY.

Some day she may surprise the British public by playing an unexpected *rôle*—that of an authoress. For Miss M'Carthy comes of a literary family, and has already written much that will one day see the light. "I have never published anything and don't mean to publish yet awhile." And Miss M'Carthy's manner seemed to suggest: "The British have enough to do at present admiring my beauty and acting. They can admire my books later on."

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THE FENCHURCH ST. MYSTERY

Being the First of a Series of Stories entitled "London Mysteries,"

BY

BARONESS E. ORCZY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE MAN *who tells the story.*
THE LADY JOURNALIST *who listens to it.*
WILLIAM KERSHAW (*the supposed victim*).
HIS WIFE.
FRANCIS SMETHURST (*suspected murderer*).
KARL MÜLLER (*friend of Kershaw*).

I.

THE man in the corner pushed aside his glass, and leant across the table.

"Mysteries!" he commented. "There is no such thing as a mystery in connection with any crime, provided intelligence is brought to bear upon its investigation."

Astonished I looked over the top of my newspaper at him. Had I been commenting audibly upon the article which was interesting me so much? I cannot say; certain it is that the man over there had spoken in direct answer to my thoughts.

His appearance, in any case, was sufficient to tickle my fancy. I don't think I had ever seen any one so pale, so thin, with such funny light-coloured hair, brushed very smoothly across the top of a very obviously bald crown. I smiled indulgently at him. He looked so timid and nervous as he fidgeted incessantly with a piece of string; his long, lean, and trembling fingers tying and untying it into knots of wonderful and complicated proportions.

"And yet," I remarked kindly, but authoritatively, "this article, in an otherwise well-informed journal, will tell you that, even within the last year, no fewer than six crimes have completely baffled the police, and the perpetrators of them are still at large."

"Pardon me," he said gently, "I never for a moment ventured to suggest that there were no mysteries to the *police;* I merely remarked that there were none where intelligence was brought to bear upon the investigation of crime."

"Not even in the Fenchurch Street *mystery*, I suppose," I asked sarcastically.

"Least of all in the so-called Fenchurch Street *mystery*," he replied quietly.

Now, the Fenchurch Street mystery, as that extraordinary crime had popularly been called, had puzzled, I venture to say, the brains of every thinking man and woman for the last twelve months. The attitude of that timid man in the corner, therefore, was peculiarly exasperating, and I retorted with sarcasm destined to completely annihilate my self-complacent interlocutor.

"What a pity it is, in that case, that you do not offer your priceless services to our misguided though well-meaning police."

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"Isn't it?" he replied with perfect good-humour. "Well, you know for one thing, I doubt if they would accept them, and in the second place, my inclinations and my duty would—were I to become an active member of the detective force—nearly always be in direct conflict. As often as not my sympathies go to the criminal who is clever and astute enough to lead our entire police force by the nose.

"I don't know how much of the case you remember," he went on quietly. "It certainly, at first, began even to puzzle me. On the 12th of last December a woman, poorly dressed, but with an unmistakable air of having seen better days, gave information at Scotland Yard of the disappearance of her husband, William Kershaw, of no occupation, and apparently of no fixed abode. She was accompanied by a friend—a fat, oily-looking German, and between them they told a tale, which set the police immediately on the move.

"It appears that on the 10th of December, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, Karl Müller, the German, called on his friend, William Kershaw, for the purpose of collecting a small debt—some ten pounds or so—which the latter owed him. On arriving at the squalid lodging in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, he found William Kershaw in a wild state of excitement, and his wife in tears. Müller attempted to state the object of his visit, but Kershaw, with wild gestures, waived him aside, and—in his own words — flabbergasted him by asking him point-blank for another loan of two pounds, which sum, he declared, would be the means of a speedy fortune for himself and the friend who would help him in his need.

"After a quarter of an hour spent in obscure hints, Kershaw, finding the cautious German obdurate, decided to let him into the secret plan, which, he averred, would place thousands into their hands."

Instinctively I had put down my paper; the mild stranger, with his nervous air and timid, watery eyes, had a peculiar way of telling his tale, which somehow fascinated me.

"I don't know," he resumed, "if you remember the story which the German told to the police, and which was corroborated in every detail by the wife or widow. Briefly it was this: Some thirty years previously, Kershaw, then twenty years of age, and a medical student at one of the London hospitals, had a chum named Barker, with whom he roomed, together with another.

"The latter, so it appears, brought home one evening a very considerable sum of money, which he had won on the turf, and the following morning he was found murdered in his bed. Kershaw, fortunately for himself, was able to prove a conclusive *alibi*; he had spent the night on duty at the hospital; as for Barker, he had disappeared, that is to say, as far as the police were concerned, but not as far as the watchful eyes of his friend Kershaw—at least, so the latter said. Barker very cleverly contrived to get away out of the country, and after sundry vicissitudes, finally settled down at Vladivostock, in Eastern Siberia, where, under the assumed name of Smethurst, he built up an enormous fortune, by trading in furs.

"Now mind you, every one knows Smethurst, the Siberian millionaire. Kershaw's story that he had once been called Barker, and had committed a murder thirty years ago was never proved, was it? I am merely telling you what Kershaw said to his friend the German and to his wife on that memorable afternoon of December the 10th.

According to him, Smethurst had made one gigantic mistake in his clever career; he had on four occasions written to his late friend, William Kershaw. Two of these letters had no bearing on the case, since they were written more than twenty-five years ago, and Kershaw, moreover had lost them—so he said—long ago. According to him, however, the first of these letters was written when Smethurst, alias Barker, had spent all the money he had obtained from the crime, and found himself destitute in New York.

Kershaw, then in fairly prosperous circumstances, sent him a £10 note for the sake of old times. The second, when the tables had turned, and Kershaw had begun to go downhill, Smethurst, as he then already called himself, sent his whilom friend £50. After that, as Müller gathered, Kershaw had made sundry demands on Smethurst's ever increasing purse, and had accompanied these demands by various threats, which, considering the distant country in which the millionaire lived, were worse than futile.

"But now the climax had come, and Kershaw after a final moment of hesitation, handed over to his German friend the two last letters purporting to have been written by Smethurst, and which, if you remember, played such an important part in the mysterious story of this extraordinary crime. I have a copy of both these letters, here," added the man in the corner, as he took out a piece of paper from

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a very worn-out pocket-book, and, unfolding it very deliberately, he began to read:—

SIR,—Your preposterous demands for money are wholly unwarrantable. I have already helped you quite as much as you deserve. However, for the sake of old times, and because you once helped me when I was in a terrible difficulty, I am willing to once more let you impose upon my good nature. A friend of mine here, a Russian merchant, to whom I have sold my business, starts in a few days for an extended tour to many European and Asiatic ports in his yacht, and has invited me to accompany him as far as England. Being tired of foreign parts, and desirous of seeing the old country once again after thirty years' absence, I have decided to accept his invitation. I don't know when we may actually be in Europe, but I promise you that as soon as we touch a suitable port I will write to you again, making an appointment for you to see me in London. But remember that if your demands are too preposterous I will not for a moment listen to them, and that I am the last man in the world to submit to persistent and unwarrantable blackmailing.

I am, sir,
Yours truly,
FRANCIS SMETHURST.

"The second letter was dated from Southampton," he went on with absolute calm, "and, curiously enough, was the only letter which Kershaw professed to have received from Smethurst, of which he had kept the envelope, and which was dated. It was quite brief," he added, referring once more to his piece of paper.

DEAR SIR,—Referring to my letter of a few weeks ago, I wish to inform you that the *Tsarskoe Selo* will touch at Tilbury on Tuesday next, the 10th. I shall land there, and immediately go up to London by the first train I can get. If you like you may meet me at Fenchurch Street Station, in the first-class waiting room in the late afternoon. Since I surmise that after thirty years' absence my face may not be familiar to you, I may as well tell you that you will recognise me by a heavy Astrakhan fur coat, which I shall wear, together with a cap of the same. You may then introduce yourself to me, and I will personally listen to what you may have to say.

Yours faithfully,
FRANCIS SMETHURST.

"It was this last letter which had caused William Kershaw's excitement and his wife's tears. In the German's own words, he was walking up and down the room like a wild beast, gesticulating wildly, and muttering sundry exclamations. Mrs. Kershaw, however, was full of apprehension. She mistrusted the man from foreign parts—who, according to her husband's story, had already one crime upon his conscience—who might, she feared, risk another, in order to be rid of a dangerous enemy. Woman-like, she thought the scheme a dishonourable one, for the law, she knew, is severe on the blackmailer.

"The assignation might be a cunning trap, in any case it was a curious one; why, she argued, did not Smethurst elect to see Kershaw at his hotel the following day. A thousand whys and wherefores made her anxious, but the fat German had been won over by Kershaw's visions of untold gold, held tantalisingly before his eyes. He had lent the necessary £2, with which his friend intended to tidy himself up a bit before he went to meet his friend the millionaire. Half-an-hour afterwards Kershaw had left his lodgings, and that was the last the unfortunate woman saw of her husband, or Müller, the German, of his friend.

"Anxiously his wife waited that night, but he did not return, the next day she seems to have spent in making purposeless and futile inquiries about the neighbourhood of Fenchurch Street, and on the 12th she went to Scotland Yard, gave what particulars she knew, and placed in the hands of the police the two letters written by Smethurst."

II.

The man in the corner had finished his glass of milk. His watery blue eyes looked across with evident satisfaction at my obvious eagerness and excitement.

"It was only on the 31st," he resumed after a while, "that a body, decomposed past all recognition, was found by two lightermen in the bottom of a disused barge. She had been moored at one time at the foot of one of those dark flights of steps which lead down between tall warehouses to the river in the East End of London. I have a photograph of the place here," he added, selecting one out of his pocket, and placing it before me.

"The actual barge, you see, had already been removed when I took this snapshot, but you will realise what a perfect place this alley is for the purpose of one man cutting another's throat in comfort, and without fear of detection. The body, as I said, was decomposed beyond all recognition; it had probably been there eleven days, but sundry articles such as a silver ring and a tie pin were recognisable and were identified by Mrs. Kershaw as belonging to her husband.

"She, of course, was loud in denouncing Smethurst, and the police had no doubt a very strong case against him, for two days after the discovery of the body in the barge, the Siberian millionaire, as he was

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already popularly called by enterprising interviewers, was arrested in his luxurious suite of rooms at the Hotel Cecil.

"To confess the truth, at this point, I was not a little puzzled. Mrs. Kershaw's story, and Smethurst's letters had both found their way into the papers, and following my usual method—mind you, I am only an amateur, I try to reason out a case for the love of the thing—I sought about for a motive for the crime, which the police declared Smethurst had committed. To effectually get rid of a dangerous blackmailer was the generally accepted theory. Well! did it ever strike you how paltry that motive really was?"

I had to confess, however, that it had never struck me in that light.

"Surely a man who had succeeded in building up an immense fortune by his own individual efforts was not the sort of fool to believe that he had anything to fear from a man like Kershaw. He must have *known* that Kershaw held no damning proofs against him—not enough to hang him anyway. Have you ever seen Smethurst?" he added, as he once more fumbled in his pocket-book.

"Mrs. Kershaw, however, was full of apprehension."

I replied that I had seen Smethurst's picture in the illustrated papers at the time; then he added, placing a small photograph before me:

"What strikes you most about the face?"

"Well, I think its strange, astonished expression, due to the total absence of eyebrows, and the funny foreign cut of the hair."

"So close that it almost looks as if it had been shaved. Exactly. That is what struck me most when I elbowed my way into the Court that morning and first caught sight of the millionaire in the dock. He was a tall, soldierly-looking man, upright in stature, his face very bronzed and tanned. He wore neither moustache nor beard, his hair was cropped quite close to his head like a Frenchman's; but, of course, what was so very remarkable about him was that total absence of eyebrows and even eyelashes, which gave the face such a peculiar appearance—as you say, a perpetually astonished look.

"He seemed, however, wonderfully calm; he had been accommodated with a chair in the dock—being a millionaire—and chatted pleasantly with his lawyer, Sir Arthur Inglewood, in the intervals between the calling of the several witnesses for the prosecution; whilst during the examination of these witnesses he sat quite placidly, with his head shaded by his hand.

"Müller and Mrs. Kershaw repeated the story, which they had already told to the police. I think you said that you were not curious enough to go to the Court that day, and hear the case, so perhaps you have no recollection of Mrs. Kershaw. No? Ah, well! Here is a snapshot I managed to get of her once. That is her. Exactly as she stood in the box—over-dressed—in elaborate crape, with a bonnet which once had contained pink roses, and to which a remnant of pink petals still clung obtrusively amidst the deep black.

She would not look at the prisoner, and

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"Constable Thomas Taylor had noticed a shabbily-dressed individual, with shaggy hair and beard loafing about the station."

turned her head resolutely towards the magistrate. I fancy she had been fond of that vagabond husband of hers: an enormous wedding-ring encircled her finger, and that, too, was swathed in black. She firmly believed that Kershaw's murderer sat there in the dock, and she literally flaunted her grief before him.

"I was indescribably sorry for her. As for Müller, he was just fat, oily, pompous, conscious of his own importance as a witness; his fat fingers, covered with brass rings, gripped the two incriminating letters, which he had identified. They were his passports, as it were, to a delightful land of importance and notoriety. Sir Arthur Inglewood, I think, disappointed him, by stating that he had no questions to ask of him. Müller had been brimful of answers, ready with the most perfect indictment, the most elaborate accusations against the bloated millionaire who had decoyed his dear friend Kershaw, and murdered him in Heaven knows what an out-of-the-way corner of the East End.

"After this, however, the excitement grew apace. Müller had been dismissed, and had retired from the Court altogether, leading away Mrs. Kershaw, who had completely broken down.

"Constable D 21 was giving evidence as to the arrest, in the meanwhile. The prisoner, he said, had seemed completely taken by surprise, not understanding the cause or history of the accusation against him; however, when put in full possession of the facts, and realising, no doubt, the absolute futility of any resistance, he had quietly enough followed the constable into the cab. No one at the fashionable and crowded Hotel Cecil had even suspected that anything unusual had occurred.

"Then a gigantic sigh of expectancy came from everyone of the spectators. The 'fun' was about to begin. James Buckland, a porter at Fenchurch Street railway station, had just sworn to tell all the truth, etc. After all it did not amount to much. He said that at six o'clock in the afternoon of December the 10th, in the midst of one of the densest fogs, he ever remembers, the 5.5 from Tilbury steamed into the station, being just about an hour late. He was on the arrival platform and was hailed by a passenger in a first-class carriage. He could see very little of him beyond an enormous black fur coat and a travelling cap of fur also.

"The passenger had a quantity of luggage, all marked F. S., and he directed James Buckland to place it all upon a four-wheel cab, with the exception of a small hand-bag, which he carried himself. Having seen that all his luggage was safely bestowed, the stranger in the fur coat paid the porter, and telling the cabman to wait until he returned, he walked away in the direction of the waiting-rooms, still carrying his small hand-bag.

"'I stayed for a bit,' added James Buckland, 'talking to the driver about the fog and that, then I went about my business, seein' that the local from Southend 'ad been signalled.'

"The prosecution insisted most strongly upon the hour when the stranger in the fur coat, having seen to his luggage, walked away towards the waiting-rooms. The porter was emphatic. 'It was not a minute later than 6.15,' he averred.

"Sir Arthur Inglewood still had no questions to ask, and the driver of the cab was called.

"He corroborated the evidence of James Buckland as to the hour when the gentleman in the fur coat had engaged him, and having filled his cab in and out with luggage, had

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told him to wait. And cabby did wait. He waited in the dense fog—until he was tired, until he seriously thought of depositing all the luggage in the lost property office and of looking out for another fare,—waited until at last, at a quarter before nine, whom should he see walking hurriedly towards his cab but the gentleman in the fur coat and cap who got in quickly and told the driver to take him at once to the Hotel Cecil. This, cabby declared, had occurred at a quarter before nine. Still Sir Arthur Inglewood made no comment, and Mr. Francis Smethurst, in the crowded, stuffy court, had calmly dropped to sleep.

"The next witness, Constable Thomas Taylor, had noticed a shabbily-dressed individual, with shaggy hair and beard, loafing about the station and waiting-rooms in the afternoon of December the 10th. He seemed to be watching the arrival platform of the Tilbury and Southend trains.

"Two separate and independent witnesses, cleverly unearthed by the police, had seen this same shabbily-dressed individual stroll into the first-class waiting-room at about 6.15 on Wednesday, December the 10th, and go straight up to a gentleman in a heavy fur coat and cap, who had also just come into the room. The two talked together for a while; no one heard what they said, but presently they walked off together. No one seemed to know in which direction.

"Francis Smethurst was rousing himself from his apathy; he whispered to his lawyer, who nodded with a bland smile of encouragement. The employés of the Hotel Cecil gave evidence as to the arrival of Mr. Smethurst at about 9.30 p.m. on Wednesday, December the 10th, in a cab, with a quantity of luggage; and this closed the case for the prosecution.

"Presently they walked off together."

"Everybody in that Court already *saw* Smethurst mounting the gallows. It was uninterested curiosity which caused the elegant audience to wait and hear what Sir Arthur Inglewood had to say. He, of course, is the most fashionable man in the law at the present moment. His lolling attitudes, his drawling speech, are quite the rage, and imitated by the gilded youth of society.

"Even at this moment, when the Siberian millionaire's neck literally and metaphorically hung in the balance, an expectant titter went round the fair spectators, as Sir Arthur stretched out his long loose limbs and lounged across the table. He waited to make his effect—Sir Arthur is a born actor—and there is no doubt that he made it, when in his slowest, most drawly tones he said quietly:

"'With regard to this alleged murder of one William Kershaw, on Wednesday, December the 10th, between 6.15 and 8.45 p.m., your Honour, I now propose to call two witnesses, who saw this same William Kershaw alive on Tuesday afternoon, December the 16th, that is to say, six days after the supposed murder.'

"It was as if a bombshell had exploded in the Court. Even his Honour was aghast, and I am sure the lady next to me only recovered from the shock of the surprise in order to wonder whether she need put off her dinner party after all.

"As for me," added the man in the corner, with that strange mixture of nervousness and self-complacency which I have never seen equalled, "well, you see, *I* had made up my mind long ago as to where the hitch lay in this particular case, and I was not so surprised as some of the others.

"Perhaps you remember the wonderful development of the case, which so completely

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mystified the police—and in fact everybody except myself. Torriani and a waiter at his hotel in the Commercial Road both deposed that at about 3.30 p.m. on December the 10th a shabbily dressed individual lolled into the coffee-room and ordered some tea. He was pleasant enough and talkative, told the waiter that his name was William Kershaw, that very soon all London would be talking about him, as he was about, through an unexpected stroke of good fortune, to become a very rich man, and so on, and so on, nonsense without end.

"When he had finished his tea, he lolled out again, but no sooner had he disappeared down a turning of the road, than the waiter discovered an old umbrella, left behind accidentally by the shabby, talkative individual. As is the custom in his highly-respectable restaurant, Signor Torriani put the umbrella carefully away in his office, on the chance of his customer calling to claim it when he had discovered his loss. And sure enough nearly a week later, on Tuesday, the 16th, at about 1 p.m. the same shabbily-dressed individual called and asked for his umbrella. He had some lunch, and chatted once again to the waiter. Signor Torriani and the waiter gave a description of William Kershaw which coincided exactly with that given by Mrs. Kershaw of her husband.

"Oddly enough he seemed to be a very absent-minded sort of person, for on this second occasion, no sooner had he left than the waiter found a pocket-book in the coffee-room, underneath the table. It contained sundry letters and bills, all addressed to William Kershaw. This pocket-book was produced, and Karl Müller, who had returned to the Court, easily identified it as having belonged to his dear and lamented friend 'Villiam.'

"This was the first blow to the case against the accused. It was a pretty stiff one, you will admit. Already it had begun to collapse like a house of cards. Still, there was the assignation, and the undisputed meeting between Smethurst and Kershaw, and those two and a half hours of a foggy evening to satisfactorily account for."

The man in the corner made a long pause, keeping me on tenterhooks. He had fidgeted with his bit of string till there was not an inch of it free from the most complicated and elaborate knots.

"I assure you," he resumed at last, "that at that very moment the whole mystery was, to me, as clear as daylight. I only marvelled how his Honour could waste his time and mine by putting what he thought were searching questions to the accused relating to his past. Francis Smethurst, who had quite shaken off his somnolence, spoke with a curious nasal twang, and with an almost imperceptible soupçon of foreign accent. He calmly denied Kershaw's version of his past; declared that he had never been called Barker, and had certainly never been mixed up in any murder case thirty years ago.

"'But you knew this man Kershaw,' persisted his Honour, 'since you wrote to him?'

"'Pardon me, your Honour,' said the accused quietly, 'I have never, to my knowledge, seen this man Kershaw, and I can swear that I never wrote to him.'

"'Never wrote to him?' retorted his Honour warningly. 'That is a strange assertion to make, when I have two of your letters to him in my hands at the present moment.'

"'I never wrote those letters, your Honour,' persisted the accused quietly, 'they are not in my handwriting.'

"'Which we can easily prove,' came in Sir Arthur Inglewood's drawly tones, as he handed up a packet to his Honour, 'here are a number of letters written by my client since he has landed in this country, and some of which were written under my very eyes.'

"As Sir Arthur Inglewood had said, this could be easily proved, and the prisoner, at his Honour's request, scribbled a few lines, together with his signature, several times upon a sheet of note-paper. It was easy to read upon the magistrate's astounded countenance, that there was not the slightest similarity in the two handwritings.

"A fresh mystery had cropped up. Who then had made the assignation with William Kershaw, at Fenchurch Street railway station? The prisoner gave a fairly satisfactory account of the employment of his time, since his landing in England.

"'I came over on the *Tsarskoe Selo*,' he said, 'a yacht belonging to a friend of mine. When we arrived at the mouth of the Thames there was such a dense fog that it was twenty-four hours before it was thought safe for me to land. My friend, who is a Russian, would not land at all; he was regularly frightened at this land of fogs. He was going on to Madeira immediately.

"'I actually landed on Tuesday, the 10th, and took a train at once for town. I did see to my luggage and a cab, as the porter and driver told your Honour; then I tried to find my way to a refreshment room, where I could get a glass of wine. I drifted into the

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waiting-room, and there I was accosted by a shabbily-dressed individual, who began telling me a piteous tale. Who he was I do not know. He *said* he was an old soldier who had served his country faithfully, and then been left to starve. He begged of me to accompany him to his lodgings, where I could see his wife and starving children, and verify the truth and piteousness of his tale.

"'Well, your Honour,' added the prisoner with noble frankness, 'it was my first day in the old country. I had come back after thirty years, with my pockets full of gold, and this was the first sad tale I had heard; but I am a business man, and did not want to be exactly 'done' in the eye. I followed my man through the fog, out into the streets. He walked silently by my side for a time. I had not a notion where I was.

"'Suddenly I turned to him with some question, and realised in a moment that my gentleman had given me the slip. Finding, probably, that I would not part with my money till I *had* seen the starving wife and children, he left me to my fate, and went in search of more willing bait.

"'The place where I found myself was dismal and deserted. I could see no trace of cab or omnibus. I retraced my steps and tried to find my way back to the station, only to find myself in worse and more deserted neighbourhoods. I became hopelessly lost and fogged. I don't wonder that two and a half hours elapsed while I thus wandered on in the dark and deserted streets; my sole astonishment is that I ever found the station at all that night, or rather close to it a policeman, who showed me the way.'

"'But how do you account for Kershaw knowing all your movements?' still persisted his Honour, 'and his knowing the exact date of your arrival in England? How do you account for these two letters, in fact?'

"'I cannot account for it or them, your Honour,' replied the prisoner quietly. 'I have proved to you, have I not, that I never wrote those letters, and that the man — er — Kershaw is his name?—was not murdered by me?'

"'Can you tell me of anyone here or abroad who might have heard of your movements, and of the date of your arrival?'

"'My late employés at Vladivostock, of course, knew of my departure, but none of them could have written these letters, since none of them know a word of English.

"'Then you can throw no light upon these mysterious letters? You cannot help the police in any way towards the clearing up of this strange affair?'

"'The affair is as mysterious to me as to your Honour, and to the police of this country.'

"Francis Smethurst was discharged, of course; there was no semblance of evidence against him sufficient to commit him for trial. The two overwhelming points of his defence which had completely routed the prosecution were, firstly, the proof that he had never written the letters making the assignation, and secondly, the fact that the man supposed to have been murdered on the 10th was seen to be alive and well on the 16th. But then, who in the world was the mysterious individual who had apprised Kershaw of the movements of Smethurst, the millionaire?"

III.

The man in the corner cocked his funny thin head on one side and looked at me; then he took up his beloved bit of string, and deliberately untied every knot he had made in it. When it was quite smooth, he laid it out upon the table.

"I will take you, if you like, point by point, along the line of reasoning which I followed myself, and which will inevitably

The man in the corner cocked his funny, thin head on one side and looked at me.

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lead you, as it led me, to the only possible solution of the mystery.

"First take this point," he said with nervous restlessness, once more taking up his bit of string, and forming with each point raised a series of knots which would have shamed a navigating instructor, "obviously, it was *impossible* for Kershaw not to have been acquainted with Smethurst, since he was fully apprised of the latter's arrival in England by two letters. Now it was clear to me from the first that *no one* could have written those two letters except Smethurst. You will argue that those letters were proved not to have been written by the man in the dock. Exactly. Remember, Kershaw was a careless man; he had lost both envelopes. To him they were insignificant. Now it was never *disproved* that those letters were written by Smethurst."

"But——" I suggested.

"Wait a minute," he interrupted, while knot number two appeared upon the scene, "it was proved that six days after the murder, William Kershaw was alive, and visiting the Torriani Hotel, where already he was known, and where he conveniently left a pocket-book behind, so that there should be no mistake as to his identity, but it was never questioned where Mr. Francis Smethurst, the millionaire, happened to spend that very same afternoon."

"Surely, you don't mean——?" I gasped.

"One moment, please," he added triumphantly. "How did it come about that the landlord of the Torriani Hotel was brought into court at all; how did Sir Arthur Inglewood, or rather his client, know that William Kershaw had on those two memorable occasions visited the hotel and that its landlord could bring such convincing evidence forward that would for ever exonerate the millionaire from the imputation of murder?"

"Surely," I argued, "the usual means, the police——"

"The police had kept the whole affair very dark, until the arrest at the Hotel Cecil. They did not put into the papers the usual: 'If any one happens to know of the whereabouts etc. etc.' Had the landlord of that hotel heard of the disappearance of Kershaw through the usual channels, he would have put himself in communication with the police. Sir Arthur Inglewood produced him. How did Sir Arthur Inglewood come on his track?"

"Surely, you don't mean——?"

"Point number four," he resumed imperturbably, "Mrs. Kershaw was never requested to produce a specimen of her husband's handwriting. Why? Because the police, clever as you say they are, never started on the right tack. They believed William Kershaw to have been murdered; they looked for William Kershaw.

"On December the 31st, what was presumed to be the body of William Kershaw was found by two lightermen; I have shown you a photograph of the place where it was found. Dark and deserted it is in all conscience, is it not? Just the place where a bully and a coward would decoy an unsuspecting stranger, murder him first, then rob him of his valuables, his papers, his very identity, and leave him there to rot. The body was found in a disused barge which had been moored some time against the wall, at the foot of these steps. It was in the last stages of decomposition, and, of course, could not be identified; but the police would have it, that it was the body of William Kershaw.

"It never entered their heads that it was the body of *Francis Smethurst, and that William Kershaw was his murderer.*

"Ah! it was cleverly, artistically conceived! Kershaw is a genius. Think of it all! His disguise! Kershaw had a shaggy beard, hair, and moustache. He shaved up to his very eyebrows! No wonder that even his wife did not recognise him across the Court; and remember she never saw much of his face while he stood in the dock. Kershaw was shabby, slouchy, he stooped.

"Smethurst, the millionaire, might have served in the Prussian army. Then that lovely trait about going to revisit the Torriani Hotel. Just a few days' grace, in order to purchase moustache and beard and wig, exactly similar to what he had himself shaved off. Making up to look like himself! Splendid! The leaving the pocket-book behind! He! He! He! Kershaw was not murdered! Of course not. He called at the Torriani Hotel six days after the murder, whilst Mr. Smethurst, the millionaire, hobnobbed in the park with duchesses! Hang such a man! Fie!"

He fumbled for his hat. With nervous, trembling fingers he held it deferentially in his hand, whilst he rose from the table. I watched him as he strode up to the desk, and paid twopence for his glass of milk and his bun. Soon he disappeared through the shop, whilst I still found myself hopelessly bewildered, with a number of snap-shot photographs before me, still staring at a long piece of string, smothered from end to end in a series of knots, as bewildering, as irritating, as puzzling as the man who had lately sat in the corner.

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King Edward as a Sportsman

By R. Maingay.

Illustrated with Photographs.

It was a day in the early sixties, and the King, an undergraduate of some twenty summers, on a visit to Earl Spencer, had been riding fast and furious with the Pytchley buck-hounds. When all was over and the weary riders were returning homewards, Earl Spencer came up to the chief huntsman.

"Well, and what do you think of the Prince?" he asked.

"He'll make a capital King, my lord," replied the man touching his cap.

"A capital King! Glad you think so," said Earl Spencer; "and why?"

"Sure to," answered the other with a confident nod of his head. "Sure to do that. Sits so well, my lord, sits so well!"

And the worthy huntsman was right, absurd as his reason may sound to a Frenchman, say, or a German; it is a man who "sits so well" that we English want as King—a serious, thorough-going sportsman. Tact, energy, discretion, and intellect are, of course, the necessary qualities of any monarch, British or foreign, if his reign is to be successful from a political point of view; but to gain the affection of their subjects our kings must be sportsmen heart and soul.

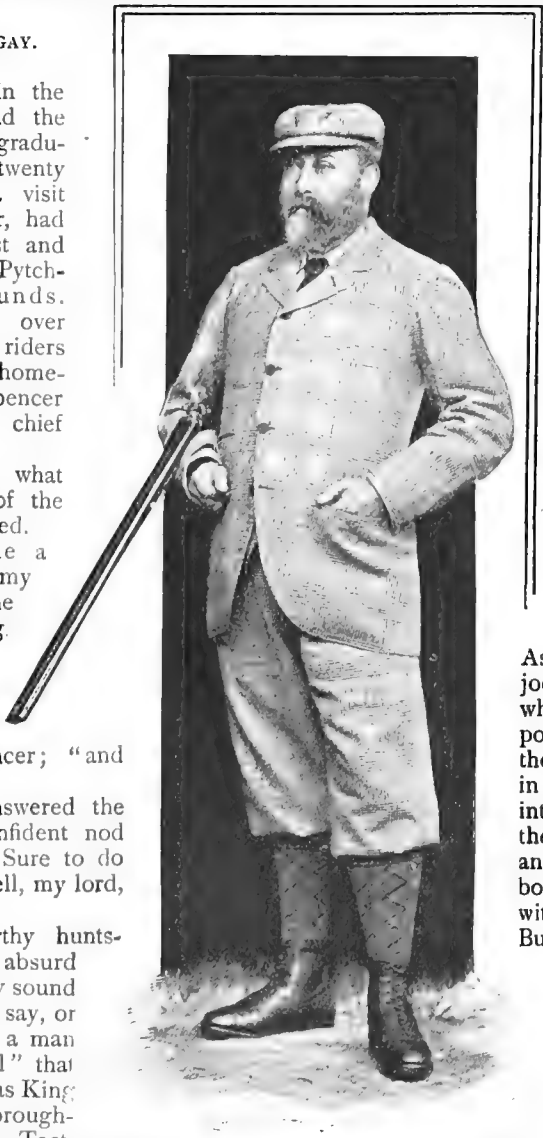

Photo by Downey.

King Edward in shooting costume.

Of course a Queen can hardly share the sports of her people as a King would, but what encouragement she could Queen Victoria freely gave to sport of every variety. She supported racing and yachting; she was often a spectator of cricket matches at Windsor; and she was keenly interested in the "Highland Gathering" at Braemar each year. Until the death of the Prince Consort she was generally present at the Ascot and Epsom meetings, and a good story is told of her when, in 1839, the Turquoise filly won the Ascot Stakes, ridden by a jockey named Bell, a lad who weighed only fifty-six pounds. Queen Victoria had the little chap brought to her in the Royal Stand. He was introduced, and received from the Queen a ten-pound note and hearty congratulations, both of which he accepted with becoming gratitude. But when Her Majesty wished to know his weight, all that could be got out of him was:

"Please, ma'am, master says as how I must never tell' my weight."

It was from Charles Davis, who for forty-four years filled the position of huntsman to Her late Majesty's buckhounds that King Edward learned the art of horsemanship, and though never especially identified with the hunting field, he has been from earliest childhood a plucky and fearless rider. When an under-

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graduate at Christ Church he constantly hunted with various neighbouring packs: the South Oxfordshire, the Pytchley, the Quorn, and the Vale of Aylesbury. On one occasion, at least, he had a notable run with the Royal Hounds, the deer taking the field from Harrow to Paddington, where it was finally killed, and from whence the King rode in hunting costume to Marlborough House.

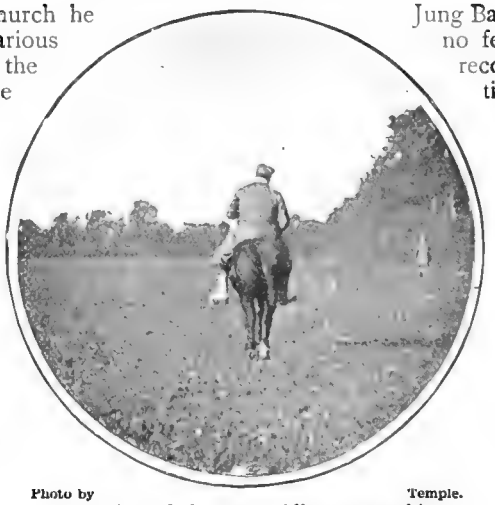

Photo by Temple.
Snapshot of the King riding across his Sandringham estates.

The Duke of York is the best shot of the Royal Family, but the King, his father, runs him close. Precise, steady and cool-headed, rather than rapid, brilliant, and alert, the King can handle a gun with the best. His tour in India gave him a magnificent opportunity to prove his prowess in this direction. At a tiger hunt in Nepaul, given in his honour by Sir Jung Bahadur, he brought down no fewer than six tigers—a record bag. At the same time he threw himself into other Eastern sports—cheetah hunting and pig-sticking—with zest and enthusiasm, and distinguished himself on every occasion by his skill and courage.

It has often been said of His Majesty, when still Prince of Wales, that he would become that *rara avis*, a democratic King—a King who stands little upon his dignity and treats all men with easy-going familiarity. Now I think that King Edward has proved by this time that he means to be nothing of the kind, that he means to be as exclusively regal as his august mother. But no one can deny that in the days when he was still Prince of Wales,

Photo by Ralph.
The Stables, Sandringham.

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Photo by Ralph.

"Persimmon," His Majesty's famous racehorse.

his hearty and unaffected manners often led his friends to forget his rank and *prestige*. And it was particularly towards men of his own kind — thorough-paced sportsmen—that the Prince used to unbend; they were fellow sportsmen, and sport is a great leveller. I remember hearing of a little incident in connection with this trait in the King's character, which occurred when he was visiting Ceylon.

After a day's sport in company with a party of officers, Government officials, and planters, the King and his fellow huntsmen sat down to dinner in the open. Sport had been excellent, everyone was in the best of tempers, and soon the fun became fast and furious. Now among the company was a certain Mr. L——, a planter known among his friends as "Bees" for some reason I have never been able to discover. This gentleman had one peculiar failing—he prided himself on the quality of his singing, while in reality he could scarcely put two notes together, and had the voice of a crow. It was a standing joke among his friends to make him sing on all possible occasions, and to feign great admiration of his vocal powers. So after dinner they urged him to give the Prince a song. Evidently "Bees" suspected that they were "getting" at him, for he turned rusty, and refused point blank to open his mouth. At last the Prince clapped him on the back. "Come, Mr. 'Bees,'" he said, "why don't you sing?" "Oh!" retorted the planter, turning wrathfully on his future King, "you go to blazes!" A dead silence fell on the company; this was going too far. Then somebody threw back his head and laughed out long and loud. It was the Prince. "Thanks, Mr. 'Bees,'" he said, "but song or no song I think I prefer the present company." And "Bees," ashamed of his rudeness, lifted up his voice and made ample amends with one of his most impassioned songs.

As a patron of cricket the King has always shown himself in the light of a true sportsman. As Prince he was frequently present

Photo by Milne.

The only portrait ever taken of the four Royal brothers, King Edward, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Connaught, and the Duke of Albany. They were staying in Scotland with a shooting party.

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at cricket matches at Lords and other grounds, and he himself can handle the bat with no mean skill. Everyone interested at all in cricket must know that the Oval at Kennington was the property of the Prince of Wales, and although he might have realised a huge sum had he used the land for building purposes, he chose to let it on a long lease to the Surrey Cricket Club at a small rent.

His Majesty is an excellent billiard player, and takes an unusual interest in the game. In 1870 he was present at

Photo by Temple.

King Edward partridge shooting.

the great match between the elder Roberts and W. Cook, and at many of the later matches at which Roberts, for whom the King cherishes an immense admiration, displayed his marvellous skill.

Golf and tennis the King plays on occasion — indeed, in the latter game he attained some proficiency in his younger days. Many years ago he was present at an exhibition match at Hampton Court, Edmund Tompkins, the English champion, and Barre, the French champion, playing against each other. At the

Photo by Temple.

The King out for a morning ride.

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conclusion of the game the King proposed to enter the court, and took M. Barre as his partner. Though the game partook by no means of a serious nature, all who were present declare that they never witnessed anything more delightful than the King's hearty and energetic play, enlivened as it was by the courtly Frenchman's praise and encouragement—"*A vous, mon Prince! Superb!*" "*Mais c'est très joli, mon Prince! C'est magnifique!*"

Before the King had settled down at Sandringham a few months it became thoroughly clear to the neighbourhood that he meant his country place to be in every sense a sporting estate. Indeed, Sandringham was partly chosen by the King owing to the fact that it afforded facility for so many different kinds of sport. The great lake which forms so delightful a feature in the view from the hall, affords admirable wild duck and teal shooting. Pheasant shooting is, however, the principle form of sport followed by His Majesty and his guests. Something over twelve thousand birds are annually reared at Sandringham, and the huge game room holds with ease seven thousand head. None of the Royal game is ever sold. That which is not dispatched to charitable institutions or needed for the private consumption of the various Royal Households, is given to the employees on the different estates.

The shooting parties rarely number more than ten guns, each of whom is assigned his place in the shoot by the Royal Host himself. All the beaters in Sandringham wear a charming uniform composed of a scarlet blouse, low crowned hat, and long brown gaiters, and each bears on his left arm a number by which he may be identified. After the day's shooting every one of the beaters is allowed to take home a hare and a pheasant. Some fifteen years ago the total autumn bag at Sandringham was over 16,000 head; while in one day (December 31st, 1885) the King and nine of his friends killed close on 3000 head, including 1200 pheasants.

The King's connection with the turf is too well known to need recapitulation in these pages. But I cannot refrain from saying a word or two about him as a yachtsman, for the King is a born sailor, and his passion for yachting is only second to his passion for horse-racing.

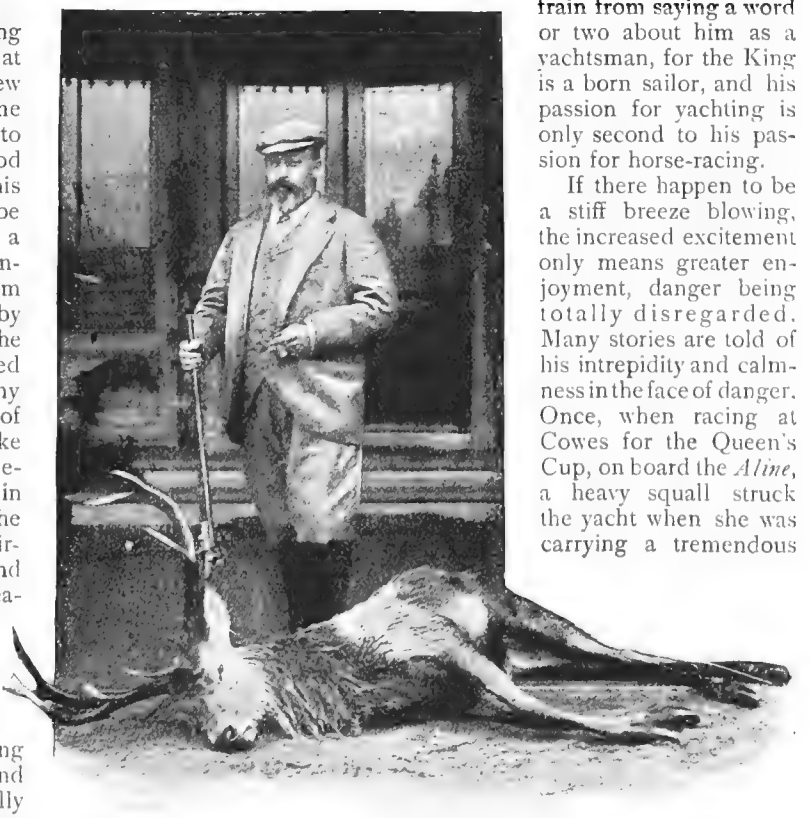

Photo by Downey.

After a day's deerstalking.

If there happen to be a stiff breeze blowing, the increased excitement only means greater enjoyment, danger being totally disregarded. Many stories are told of his intrepidity and calmness in the face of danger. Once, when racing at Cowes for the Queen's Cup, on board the *Aline*, a heavy squall struck the yacht when she was carrying a tremendous amount of canvas, and carried away the foretopmast. The King, in spite of the imminent danger, remained perfectly cool, and asked the captain if it would be safe to continue the race. The captain thought it would, and the yacht, though heavily handicapped, managed to finish the course.

The King always takes a keen interest in the working of the boat, and invariably remains on deck during a race, often changing his position in spite of the obvious difficulty in moving about on the sloping deck. He is generally seen smoking a cigar

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Photo by Temple.

King Edward, the Duke of Cambridge, and friends off for a day's partridge shooting at Sandringham.

big enough to show that he is proof against sea-sickness.

Once, when returning from a short cruise on his yacht, His Majesty had an accident which might easily have proved serious. He had been asked to move round to the weather side of the yacht, as the mainsail was about to be let down. Instead of doing this, however, he walked to the leeward side, the inevitable cigar in his mouth and his hands in his pockets. There he stood all unconscious of impending danger, when down thundered the sail, forcing him close against the leeward bulwarks, where for some moments he was in imminent danger of being carried overboard. As soon as he was released from his unpleasant position, His Majesty had a hearty laugh at his own expense, exclaiming with a smile, "Oh, what a lark." It is not everyone who would have looked at the affair in that light.

I cannot better close this brief article than in the words of the late Duke of Beaufort, "One of the best and keenest sportsmen of our time," he says of the King in his dedication to the "Badminton Library," and there were few more competent critics of the true sportsman than the late duke, who was himself the type of the sport-loving, athletic English gentleman. "I can say from personal observation that there is no man who can extricate himself from a bustling and pushing crowd of horsemen when a fox breaks covert more dexterously than his Royal Highness; and that when hounds run hard over a big country no man can take a line of his own and live with them better."

Photo by Ralph.

The kennels, Sandringham.

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An I.O.U.

By Owen Oliver.

Miss Lisle fidgeted while I glanced through the neatly typed letter; and when I signed my name with a flourish, she sighed. I looked up inquiringly.

"I was wondering," she said slowly, "how he will feel when he gets it." I put down my pen, and leaned back in the chair.

"I trust he will feel that the time has come when he must pay."

"Suppose he hasn't the money," she suggested timidly.

"Then," I replied pleasantly, "we must see what else he has." It was a long outstanding debt, and he had behaved rather badly, I considered.

"Oh!" she cried. "You wouldn't do that. I'm sure you wouldn't!" I frowned. I do not approve of the intrusion of sentiment into business.

"If you are sure, argument is useless." She flushed swiftly.

"I beg your pardon—for my presumption." She picked up the tray of papers with great dignity.

"Miss Lisle," I called. "Wait a moment, please. Won't you sit down?" She sat down with her face turned half away. She is attractive in profile. In fact, she is attractive from all points of view. That is the worst of it.

"I told you the other day that I no longer regarded you as a mere typist, but as a—er—confidential clerk."

"You were very kind." Of course, I had increased her salary. I had to give some reason for it.

"As confidential clerk, it is your duty to advise me. There is no question of presumption." She traced a pattern on the floor with her foot.

"It does not follow that you will take my advice," she remarked, with the slightest toss of her head.

Women always think themselves injured if you don't agree with them.

"Unless you can give a good reason for it." A women never can!

"I have no reason to give," she admitted. "It was merely a feeling. I—I have known what it is myself to—want."

I played with the paper knife.

"It that is what troubles you, I will see if I can—— "

She turned round to me eagerly.

"No, no! I am not worth any more."

"You must allow me to form my own estimate of your value," I said firmly. "If I find you useful— "

She shook her head.

"You are generous—even allowing for my valuable advice!" She smiled momentarily.

"Except to this man, Harrison?"

"I did not mean that you were ungenerous. Only—he may be ill, or in want, or—anything. The money may mean so much to him."

"£30 is £30 to him or to me."

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"But you are well off."

"I should not be well off for long if I forgave all my debts for fear other people were worse off than I."

She sighed again.

"You are quite right, but—"

She paused for a reason to the contrary, but apparently found none.

"He has not paid a penny for three years."

"Perhaps if you waited a little longer?"

"Longer!" I threw the paper knife down impatiently. "How long do you expect me to wait?"

"You don't know his difficulties."

"Or that he has any."

"If he had the money he would pay, of course."

I laughed. Women have such peculiar ideas of business.

"There is no 'of course' about it. A great many people never pay anything till they are compelled. He is evidently one of them." She rose and took the papers.

"I daresay I am wrong. I—it is foolish of me."

She brushed her eyes as she went out. I half rose to call her back. Then I sat down again.

"I am a fool!" I told myself. Since no man is convinced of this fact lightly, I proceeded to give myself reasons.

The reader can probably guess them; but, in case a hint is needed, I may mention that I am a commonplace, middle-aged, prosperous lawyer; and that Miss Lisle is a charming young lady of twenty-three in my employ.

After considering the arguments carefully, I decided that I was *not* a fool of the worst order. True, I had allowed myself to be pleased with my typist's blue eyes and wavy hair; but a person of artistic taste was bound to be pleased with them. At least, I had admired with discretion. A really foolish man would either have lost his typist—or himself! I had done neither. "If I proposed," I had argued, "she would either accept me for my money, or refuse me for myself. Therefore, I shall carefully maintain the position of employer." I flattered myself that this position had been maintained with conspicuous success in our recent discussion. Having flattered myself to this extent, I went off to dine at my club.

My club has a reputation for cooking, and, probably the dinner was no worse than usual upon this occasion; but somehow I could not keep the man Harrison out of the menu. "I was wondering how *he* will feel," she had said.

I kept catching myself speculating what he had for dinner, or whether he hadn't any. It was just possible that her view of the case might be correct after all. For though a woman's reasons are usually wrong, her conclusion is often the right one.

After dinner, I decided to forget the case in a novel. The first book that I picked up in the library was "Put Yourself in His Place!" I threw it aside, went out, and called a hansom.

"Drive to Lowcroft Road," I said, "wherever that is."

It was a dingy street, off a noisy, second-rate thoroughfare. The houses appeared to be either lodging establishments or let in portions. No. 69, where the man Harrison lived, was one of the dingiest.

I was debating with myself whether to call or not, when a policeman came along. I hailed him and made guarded inquiries.

"No. 69," he said. "Name of 'Arrison. Yessir. A werry old gent, nigh doubled up with rheumatics, 'e is. Wot does 'e live on?" He shrugged his shoulders. "Well—on 'is niece, or gran' daughter, whichever it is, I should say. Never 'eard as 'e 'ad no means of 'is own."

"Umph!" I said. What does *she* do?"

"Business. Clerk or somethink, like lots of 'em does nowadays."

"Young?" He nodded.

"A werry respectable young person, an' good appearance—prepossessin', as they say in the reports. Name of Lisle."

I lost the rest of his description. When I recovered, I slipped half-a-crown in his hand and walked away.

"Poor little girl!" I muttered. "Poor little girl!"

My first impulse was to offer myself as a friend. Upon reflection this course appeared dangerous. It would be better, I decided, to deal with the question in a businesslike manner. I could tell her casually that, from inquiries made, it appeared that the man Harrison was an invalid without means. Under these circumstances it was obviously useless to move further in the matter.

"I am not going to be annoyed with this worthless I. O. U. any longer," I would declare, in a pretended passion, and tear it up in her presence.

In view of this wise and artful decision, I resolved that I was not a fool at all!

The next morning I took the bundle of correspondence out of the cupboard to carry

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out my decision. I went through the documents hastily; then carefully. Then I sank limply back in my chair. The I. O. U. was gone.

I put the bundle back in the cupboard, and sat staring blankly at the wall. No doubt it had been a great temptation to her; but I had trusted her so. And upon her own admission, I had treated her well. I groaned aloud. Then I struck the table with my fist.

"I'll have every penny out of him," I vowed. "The letters are proof enough."

Upon further consideration I saw that this meant accusing her—which was impossible, of course. Also, she would have to leave; and she would be difficult to replace—as a shorthand writer. I reviewed and cancelled all previous decisions, and assured myself that I *was* a fool.

"No. 69," he said, "Name of 'Arrison. Yessir."

I went through the day in a state of savagery, in which my confidential clerk naturally came in for a large share. She quivered when I spoke sharply, and, towards the end of the day, she looked as though she had been crying; which, I told myself, was the proper thing for such a wicked young woman to do.

"It doesn't matter to me," I argued. "Of course, I shan't trouble about her any more."

The following day, however, she showed no signs of penitence. In fact, she put on an air of injured innocence and indifference. She took my directions quietly and offered no suggestions; and when I was specially irritable, she was obtrusively calm. Once or twice she even shrugged her shoulders—which was a gross breach of discipline and made me very cross.

Evidently she had attained her object in entering my employment and wished me to give her notice. I should do nothing of the sort. On the contrary, I would be exceedingly pleasant. This would pour coals of fire on her head; which ought to make her very uncomfortable indeed.

The next day I was remarkably good-humoured; but, to my surprise, this did not seem to distress her at all. She returned to her usual way of smiling—speaking merely as an employer, she has a very nice smile. She suggested little improvements in letters, and gave me lists of points that we must not forget, and put "files" in order, and made herself useful according to her general custom. I concluded that she could have no conscience at all.

"I am glad you are feeling better," she said, towards the close of the afternoon. "I

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could see that you were not well these last two days."

I looked hard at her. There was no getting over the unfortunate fact that she was remarkably good-looking.

"You did not offer much sympathy."

She smiled, her head a little on one side.

"I dared not! But I *was* sorry—really. You have been so kind to me that——"

"Kindness deserves kindness," I said.

She opened her eyes wide.

"Indeed," she protested. "I—if I could do anything to repay you—"

"It is repayment to know that I can trust you."

I looked at her again, expecting some sign of agitation, but saw none.

"You can," she declared.

I grew suddenly hard.

"Then I will give you a proof of my confidence," I said quietly.

She turned to me in her quick way.

"We had a dispute the other night, about the man named——"

"Not a dispute," she said persuasively.

"Well, a difference of opinion. You thought me unjust and hard."

"Oh, no! Indeed, no! I have never thought you either."

"Anyhow, I have reconsidered the matter and decided not to press him. You will write, please——"

I paused, and she took up her shorthand book mechanically—

"After inquiring into your circumstances, I am satisfied of your inability to discharge the debt referred to in my letter of the 22nd inst. As I do not wish to burden my books any longer with the transaction, I return herewith your I. O. U."

When she had taken the letter down, she turned away her head and wiped her eyes.

"If she confesses," I thought, "I might forgive her." She did not, so I hardened myself again.

"If you will get me the papers," I said, "I will give you the I. O. U. to send."

She went slowly across the room and fetched the bundle from the cupboard.

"Take out the I. O. U., please," I said quietly.

She turned over the papers, started or pretended to start—and went through them again. I continued writing in silence.

"It is not here," she faltered.

"Nonsense! You had it in your hand the other night. Look again."

She looked—or appeared to look.

"It is *not*."

I took the papers and glanced through them.

"No. It is not. Then where is it?"

She shook her head.

"How should *I* know?"

I tied up the papers.

"There is no need to write, under the circumstances."

I resumed my own writing; but she did not go.

"He—how will he know?"

I laughed.

"No doubt he has some friend among my clerks."

She started.

"I am so sorry," she said. "Perhaps I shall find it."

"Possibly." I smiled grimly. It was not unlikely, I thought.

"Anyhow, it does not lessen your great generosity."

"I repent of my generosity, now it is inforced."

I laid down my pen.

"If I find out who took it——!"

She trembled—looked hard at me—hesitated—and went slowly out. Of course, she must know that I suspected her.

I walked over to the fire and stood with my elbow on the mantelpiece. There was only one course open to me now. She must go. The memory of her must go also. In a sudden fit of passion, I took her photo out of my pocket to destroy it—I had asked for one when she had them taken.

It was among a bundle of old letters. On top of them all was the missing I. O. U. I must have slipped it into my pocket! I suddenly kissed her photo.

"I *am* a fool!" I muttered brokenly. "No one in his senses would have suspected ***her***."

There was a soft tap at the door. Before I could recover my voice to answer, she came in. I could see she had been crying.

"Don't!" I said hurriedly. "Please don't. Be seated." I gave her a chair.

"I—I must tell you," she cried breathlessly. "I—he is my mother's father—Mr. Harrison."

"I know, I know. I have found it: in my office coat." I flourished the I. O. U. "I am an idiot!"

She burst into tears.

"I thought you suspected me," she said.

"Don't!" I groaned. "I *did* suspect you."

She clenched her hands suddenly.

"When I missed it two days ago——"

"Two days ago! And you haven't done anything to me? Why didn't you?"

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"I should not like to hurt you," I said, "whatever you did."

She looked at me over her handkerchief, as she wiped her eyes. What eyes they were!

"No punishment would be too bad for me, if I had betrayed you."

"You did not. You would not."

"But you thought I did."

"I was a fool."

She shook her head and smiled a little. Then she turned to me suddenly:

"Why didn't you punish me?"

I stood beside her, with my hand on the desk.

"Because I am foolish enough to love you," I said.

She buried her face in her hands.

"It *is* foolish," she replied, in a whisper.

"Yes. I know quite well that I am uninteresting."

She looked up with her eyes swimming.

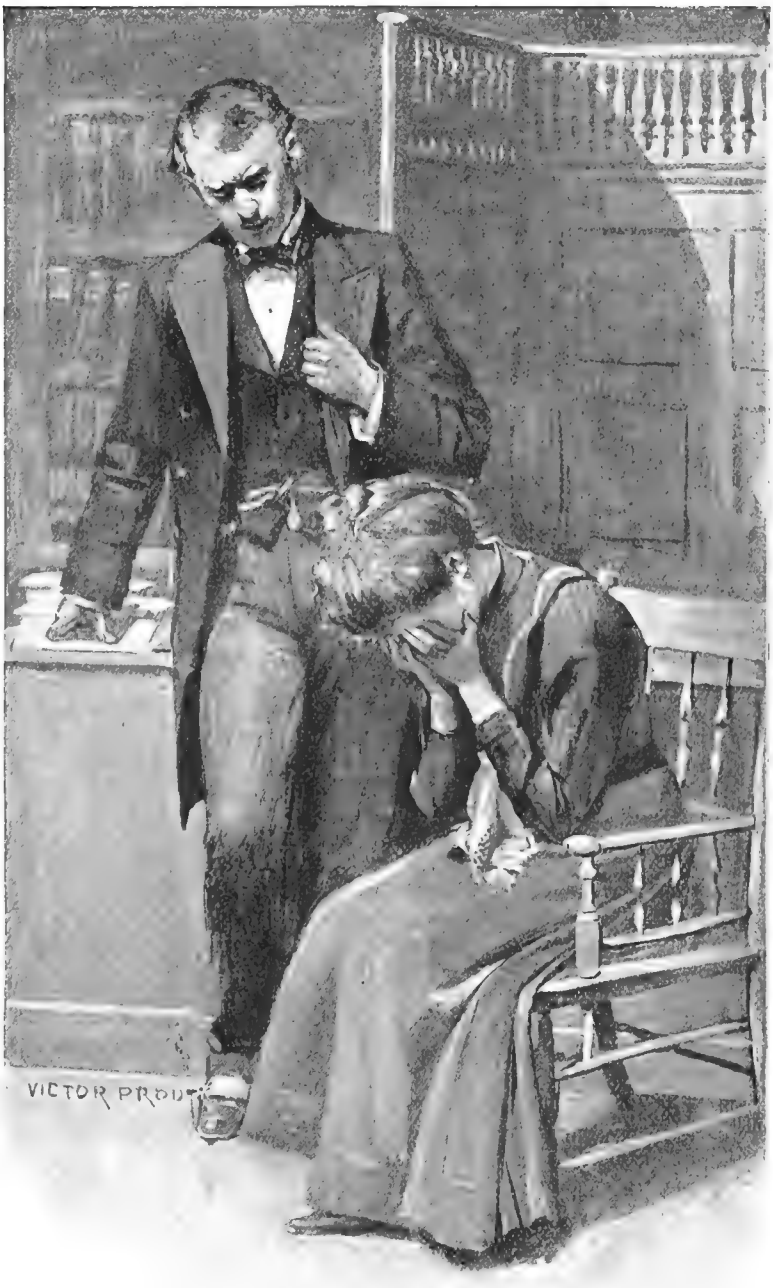
"I meant — I am only your— servant."

I put my hand on the little white hand on the table.

"No!" I said quickly. "No!"

We were silent for a few seconds. Then she laid her other hand on mine.

"Yes!" she declared, with a queer little crying laugh. "Yes!"



She buried her face in her hands.

I will not write down what we said after that. It belongs to a world that is sacred —the only world that matters — just her and me!

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Photo by Spalding. *Thornton-Pickard Focal Plane.*

"Well Caught!"

THE ART OF THE CAMERA

Illustrated with a Series of Beautiful Instantaneous Photographs.

The Rise of Instantaneous Photography.

THE last few years have brought about many great improvements in all branches of photography, but in no branch more than in instantaneous work. Results can now be obtained with the focal-plane-shutter which a few years ago would have been deemed impossible. This shutter—the best known forms of which are the Thornton-Pickard and the Goerz-Anschutz—has for its normal range of exposure one-twentieth to one-thousandth of a second, but can be constructed to work at even greater speeds if necessary, though the average instantaneous subject comes within the range of one-five-hundredth to one-eight-hundredth of a second, and very few require a shorter exposure. An express train, though generally considered an easy subject by the uninitiated, is, as a matter of fact, a very hard one, and to obtain a satisfactory picture of it the shutter must be worked at its highest speed. Beginners find this branch of photography especially difficult, as the hand has to act in close conjunction with the eye; very often they only succeed in getting a portion of the picture on the plate, and if they hesitate in the least, disaster is sure to result. There seems to be some strange fascination about a diver for the amateur; but in most cases his first few pictures only show a pair of legs just vanishing at one side of the photograph.

The Device of a Guileless Amateur.

A GOOD story is told of a certain amateur who was very unfortunate whenever he tried his hand at instantaneous work. One day, however, he was lucky enough to come upon an express train that had for some reason

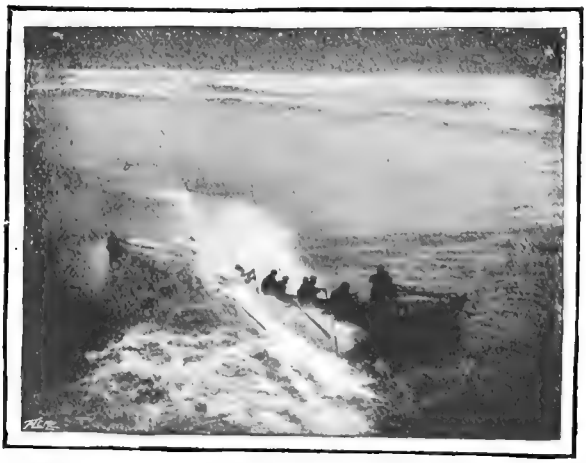

Photo by *Thornton-Pickard.*

Cutting the Wave.

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slowed down and was standing still, but with the smoke still pouring out of the funnel.

This was too good an opportunity to be lost, and so he promptly "snapped" it. The result was so good that he succeeded for a long time in palming it off among his friends as an instantaneous photograph of an express going at sixty miles an hour. One day, however, he showed it to a guard, and commenced telling his usual story. But the wideawake official glanced at the print and winked the other eye.

Photo by Robertson. *Thornton-Pickard Focal Plane.*

A Flight of Pigeons.

"Well jumped!"

Photo by Spalding. Thornton-Pickard Focal Plane.

Photo by *Knight.*

Beginners.

"Very good, sir; very good indeed!" he remarked—"but," with a chuckle, "the signal's agin her, the signal's agin her." Unfortunately for the amateur, some friends who were standing by, and who had themselves heard more than once the history of the instantaneous photograph, overheard the guard's remark and understood its significance. The amateur has not heard the last of that express train yet, and he is not likely ever to take another photograph of one, be it standing still or travelling at a mile a minute.

The Camera and the Painter.

It is by no means an uncommon thing to hear people comment on what they consider the unnatural positions occupied by men or animals in pictures obtained with the focal-plane-shutter. It is vain to try and convince them that the camera represents things as they really are, and not as they are supposed to be, for having a preconceived idea of their own, which has been really produced by long familiarity with pictures painted long before instantaneous photography was thought of, they prefer to trust these rather than the camera. It is a curious fact that instantaneous photography is proving more and more every day that many of the great animal painters were quite wrong in their portrayal of the positions of animals in motion. Photographs have been obtained, for instance, showing a trotting horse with all its legs off the ground at the same moment; though this state of things can only have existed for an infinitesimal period of time, nevertheless, it is a position which the horse certainly occupied.

The probability is that in cases where the human eye is not quick enough to follow the movement the painter will have to take a lesson from the camera in learning what really is a natural and what an unnatural position.

The Sultan's Harem Photographed.

Notwithstanding the natural conservatism of the Oriental and his deep-rooted belief in the power of the Evil Eye, which as a rule makes him consider the camera a most diabolical invention, the Sultan of

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Turkey has so far bowed down to Western ideas as to allow the ladies of his harem to be photographed. This innovation might have been expected to produce some charming pictures of Oriental costumes, whatever their wearers might have been like; but it was not to be. For the ladies, so far from turning up dressed in their accustomed picturesque fashion, had all provided themselves with elaborate Parisian gowns of the latest mode, having evidently resolved to be up-to-date at any price.

A New Species of Camera Fiend—

THE latest invention in the way of photography is an extremely ingenious and diabolical contrivance. The proud inventor—we do not know his name—hails from the other side of the Atlantic, and is described as a "distinguished amateur photographer." It was while watching a friend, who was being photographed in a Washington gallery, that the great idea flashed upon his brain.

The invariable formula, "Now, look pleasant," suggested it to him. "Why not," he thought, "make people look unpleasant and then photograph them?" The thought, worthy of Cæsar Borgia himself, was carried into execution with Edisonian cleverness. He saw that there would be considerable difficulty in photographing a man whom he had just exasperated—as the man, presumably, would entertain a natural desire to qualify for an action for assault and battery on the person of the would-be photographer. So with an extra button and one or two minor alterations, to be explained hereafter, he converted his hitherto respectable camera into an infernal machine of the worst type.

—How he goes to work.

THE extra button is technically known as the "irritator," its function being simply and solely to annoy the person whom it is proposed to photograph. The *modus operandi* of this new species of camera fiend is as follows. He creeps up behind his unsuspecting victim—if possible, at a time when even the amateur photographer, as a rule, refrains from annoying—and having

Photos reproduced by permission of **Three Snapshots of Skipping and Jumping.** *Thornton-Pickard & Co.*

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got him accurately focussed, presses the "irritator" button. The effect is that the victim turns round on hearing the click, and starts reviling the amateur photographer for his impudence. In the meantime the latter presses the second button, which acts silently, and actually does photograph the angry man, who generally goes off with the idea that the fiend has had to be content with a back view, at any rate.

Photo by *Goubold.*

A Rocket in Mid-air.

The distinguished amateur thinks these portraits will form excellent guides to character. We should advise him not to visit parts of the world where lynching is still common, or summary vengeance might overtake him. For our own part, we are determined if we hear that click behind our back not to turn round, but to make off in the opposite direction.

A Photographic Fairy Tale.

It is a remarkable but indisputable fact that people, as a rule, are much more ready to believe a strange and wonderful tale if it is false than if it is true. The following paragraph, extracted from the pages of *Invention*, will illustrate how great is the credulity of some people—though if you tried to convince them of some simple scientific fact, they would probably laugh you to scorn. The paragraph, though it appeared in an English paper, bears unmistakable signs of the American journalist's pen.

"A party of scientists are making preparations in Victoria, B.C., for a visit to the big glacier of Mount Fairweather. They hope to identify the mirage of the Silent City of Alaska with Bristol City in England. The mirage is visible in June, and stretches for five miles. The members of the party will photograph the mirage, note the conditions as to time, weather, etc, and then communicate with Bristol to learn whether the concurrent conditions are similar."

No New Theory.

The myth of the Silent City of Alaska is not a new thing. We have heard it mentioned before, though it must be confessed that we have not heard before of scientists taking an interest in it.

Photo by *Wrightson.*

"Hit!"

Photo by *J. G. Martin.*

Thornton-Pickard Focal Plane.

Soldier Jumping from a Stone Wall.

It is seven years ago since a photograph purporting to have come from America, and to have been taken at Glacier Bay, was published. The print was entitled "The Silent City of Alaska." Strangely enough, no difficulty whatever was experienced in identifying the city of the photograph with "Bristol City in England"—the reason possibly, being that it actually was a photograph of Bristol. As was pointed out by Mr. W. H. Midwinter, of Bristol, two years ago, the photograph was evidently

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taken in the winter that Prince Albert Victor visited Bristol, when the scaffolding was on the Cathedral West towers.

Another interesting fact in connection with this fraud is that the photograph was not only published, but even copyrighted by a San Francisco photographer. We should strongly advise those British Columbian scientists to abandon their proposed expedition to Glacier Bay. If they are very anxious to obtain photographs of the Silent City, they will either have to wait till tele-photography is very much more developed than at present, or come to "Bristol City in England." The latter would be the simplest way.

Photo by Robinson.

From Pony to Donkey.

The Camera as a Weapon.

THE deep-rooted belief in the power of the Evil Eye is not by any means the only reason which makes untutored minds afraid of facing the camera. The Ashantis are one savage nation out of many who believe that if a photograph of them is taken, their spirit passes into the picture, and that if this be destroyed, they will die. A war correspondent recently returned from Ashanti owes his life to this superstition. He had wandered from headquarters some little distance trying to find some suitable subjects for his camera, when suddenly he was attacked by a dozen natives or more, who had been hiding near by. He emptied his revolver, but this did not stop them, and in sheer desperation—certainly with no idea of using it as an offensive weapon—he held out his camera in front of him. The Ashantis—who, to do them credit, had faced the revolver fearlessly enough — were immediately struck with terror. They evidently recognised the contrivance with which the white men took away people on paper; they hesitated for a moment, and then fled.

The Dark Room and Measles.

IF the discovery of Dr. Chatinière—namely, a cure for measles by the use of red rays in the dark room—be practicable, we must expect to see great changes in the photographic art. The discovery is based on a theory that the red rays of the solar spectrum have a powerful action on the aforesaid disease, and consequently that all the treatment needed to effect a cure is to put the patient in a dark room and shade all the lamps, etc., with red. It is reported that cases of measles have been cured in three days by this means. If such be the case we shall soon be seeing brass plates appear with the legend, "John Smith, Photographer and Measles Specialist."

Dr. Chatinière believes that some of the rays of the spectrum are excessively irritating to a diseased skin, while the red has a soothing effect. But there is nothing new under the sun. Dr. Chatinière himself confesses that he borrowed the idea from the female inhabitants of the Vosges who, he tells us, wrap

Will he clear them?

Splash!

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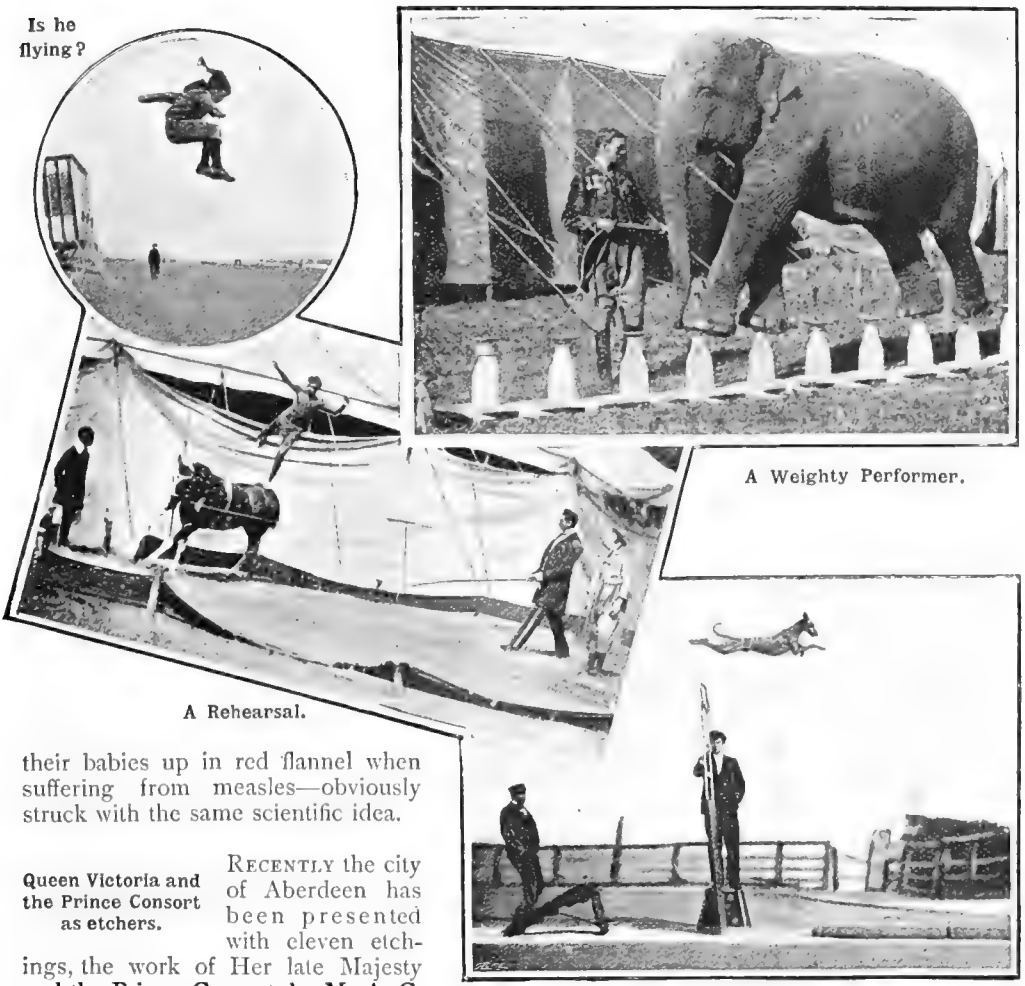

A High Jump.

their babies up in red flannel when suffering from measles—obviously struck with the same scientific idea.

Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort as etchers.

RECENTLY the city of Aberdeen has been presented with eleven etchings, the work of Her late Majesty and the Prince Consort, by Mr A. C. Pirie. The etchings date back to an early period of the last reign, when the Queen and her husband had been taking a course of lessons in draughtsmanship upon copper under the instruction of Mr. Thomas Landseer, the brother of Sir Edwin.

In all they made about eighty plates, the subjects of which were chiefly domestic. The Princess Royal in her nurse's arms and the baby Prince of Wales appeared on the plates more than once, and the Queen's various pets were also frequently taken as models. Sometimes even the works of Sir Edwin Landseer were copied. But although the work was a source of great interest to the Queen and Prince Consort, it was undertaken as an amusement only, and the etchings were never intended to be published; a few, indeed, were given away, but only to friends. Nevertheless, one morning the unsuspecting Royal amateurs woke up to find that their eighty etchings were advertised by a Paternoster Row firm as about to appear in print. The would-be publisher cloaked the impudence of his design under flattering quotations from Shakespeare, such as—"England must know the value of her own,"—"'Twas a concealment worse than a theft."

It was never quite cleared up as to who was the delinquent who caused a set of the plates to come into the publisher's hands. A journeyman in the employ of a lithographer at Windsor, to whom the plates had been sent to have impressions printed, was suspected, but it was never certain. At any rate, an injunction was immediately applied for and granted against the publication. The "concealment worse than a theft" has

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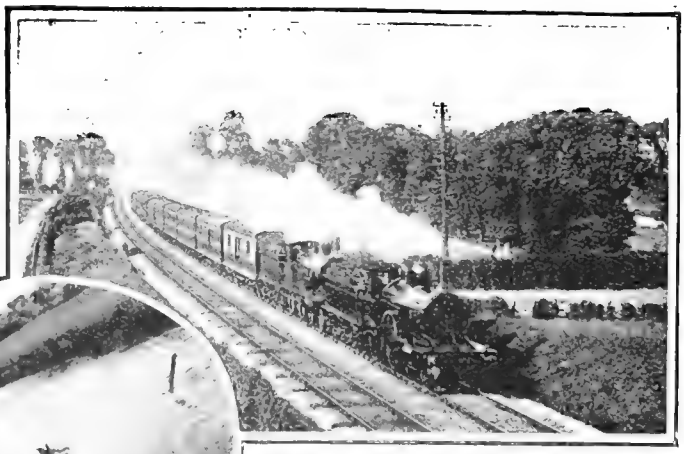
The Bournemouth Express at Full Speed.

Thornton-Pickard Focal Plane. Photo by W. G. Sellan.



"Good Dog!"

Thornton-Pickard Focal Plane. Photo by E. Pickard.

Photo by Knight.

The Dancing Horse.

Photo by Meldon.

The Diver.

Thornton-Pickard Focal Plane Prize Picture.

continued to this day, and will continue probably, except so far as the city of Aberdeen is concerned.

Pinhole Photography. THE use of the pinhole in photography is of special advantage in cases where a cramped position is unavoidable, and also for copying purposes. The usual diameter of a pinhole is from 1-50th to 1-75th of an inch, and objects can be photographed varying in distance from a few inches to 300ft. The great essentials of this branch of photography are a perfectly true pinhole, and care and experience in manipulation. The greatest obstacle against pinhole photography becoming popular among amateurs is its inability to do instantaneous work.

Photography and Crime. THOUGH it is a common thing for photography in fiction to have a great part in the evidence against a criminal, in actual fact such cases are rare. Indeed, since the famous Tichborne trial, no case has been so greatly affected as was the recent Yarmouth murder trial. The question that had to be decided by the experts was whether the deceased woman was wearing a link or rope watch chain in the photograph taken on the beach at Yarmouth.

The photographer said that it was taken with a two and a half seconds exposure; and as probably there had been some slight movement of the chain during that time, the question was a very hard one to decide. The experts' evidence was directly in conflict, and the judge's remark that the chain must have been moved was certainly correct. This being so, the only thing was to leave the question open.

Notice. THE next number of the ROYAL will contain an extremely interesting article on the photographing of ghosts. It will be profusely illustrated with a series of wonderful photographs, and the article itself, which is by Mr. T. C. Hepworth, fully explains how these remarkable pictures are taken.

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THE PURPLE CLOUD

By M. P. Shiel.

SYNOPSIS.

A millionaire has left a fortune to the first man who reaches the North Pole. In spite of the warning of a preacher that misfortune will happen to the earth if the Pole is reached, a great expedition is prepared. In order that her *fiancé*, Adam Jeffson, may take the place of her nephew, who was a member of the expedition, the Countess Clodagh poisons the latter. Jeffson, the narrator, after killing his five companions, reaches the Pole alone. Then, seized with a strange terror, he retraces his steps. The ships he meets are full of corpses, and landing twice at Norway he finds every man and beast dead. He sails for England full of foreboding, and discovers in all England not a living soul. When he arrived at the Pole a poisonous cloud swept over the earth killing all the human race. The terrible loneliness drives Jeffson mad and in his frenzy he sets fire to London

V.

Those words: "A signal to the planet Mars," I wrote over seventeen years ago, some days after the destruction of London. The roll of sheets on which they were written have been near to me; but I have had no impulse to write anything. Now I continue.

This city burning has become a habit with me far more enchaining (and more debased) than ever opium was to the smoker, or alcohol to the drunkard. I count it now among the necessaries of life—it is my pastime, my wine, my orgy, my secret sin. I have burned Cairo and Calcutta, Paris, Pekin, and San Francisco.

Am I *already* mad? I laugh at the thought! The mere fact that I ask is proo of sanity. Yet if *another man* should behold me now! With what awe he would certainly shrink from the wild majesty of these eyes! He *could* not but exclaim, "*There* is the very lunacy of Pride!"

Yes, surely to one of my fellows in that far-off Past, there would seem now in myself, in all about me, something extravagantly royal, touched with Terror. My body has fattened, and my girth now fills out its broad girdle, heavily hung with ancient gold and silver coins; my beard, still black, sweeps in two divergent sheaves to my hips, flustered by every wind. As I walk through this palace, the amber floor reflects in its depths a low-necked robe of purple and blue and crimson, aglow with luminous stones. I am ten times crowned Lord and Emperor. I sit a hundred times throned in confirmed, stately old majesty. Among those worlds upon which I nightly pore I may have my peers and compeers—but *here* I am Sole. Earth acknowledges my diadem and sceptre. It seems to me a thousand, thousand years since other beings walked, visibly in the sunlight, on this planet—I can, indeed, no longer realise, or even credit, that such a state of things has existed; it is like a wild dream. For now, at least, I am sole—I am lord. The golden walls of this great palace which I have built look down enamoured of their own reflection, into a lake of the choicest, purplest wine.

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I am writing now on the Island of Imbros, to which sixteen years ago I first came in a Russian warship, towing through the Dardanelles from Constantinople ten Greek feluccas, loaded. These bore a mixed freight of gold in coin and bullion, gems, tram-lines, implements, lime, etc., gathered with great pains, and borne in trains to their meeting-place. I had made myself master of the *technique* of smelting and casting, of in-letting, chamfering and dove-tailing; I built myself a forge; I excavated, I planned, I worked, and after fifteen years of often interrupted toil—for my changes of mood would admit of no steady labour—I saw this palace rise a vision of glorious beauty before me.

It is a structure positively as clear as the sun, and as fair as the moon: the sole human work in which no restraining thought of *cost* has played a part; one of its walls alone being of more value than all the temples, mosques and minarets, the palaces and pagodas together, built between the ages of the Nimrods and the Georges.

Its structure is low and large; yet it stands high, being built on a very huge platform of gold plated-stone, in the manner of Assyrian palaces. It is approached on its four sides by a hundred and thirty-two low, long steps, gold-plated—not forming a continuous flight—but broken into threes and fives, sixes and tens, with landings between. Around spreads the lake, its evaporation being repaired from reservoirs in the platform; and in it I take my coloured baths. Every portal of the palace is guarded by two winged bulls in gold, with eyes of ruby. Round the flat roof run pavilions of purple silk on rings and rods of gold; and from that height I can watch by the bright moonlight of this climate—which rather resembles limelight—the forever silent blue hills of Macedonia, and the Islands of Samothraki, Lemnos, and Tenedos, set like purplish fairies in the Ægean Sea.

Sometimes I rush, bawling, with open arms, from this temple of luxury, tear off my gaudy rags, and hide in some rotting hut by the shore. Such are the changes of mood to which I am now subject. Events, apart from my will, take place in my brain precisely resembling volcanic eruptions. One spangled midnight, with uplifted face streaming, and outstretched arms, I may kneel on my roof, adoring the Eternal with awe-struck heart; the next, I may strut like a cock, wicked as sin, lusting to burn a city—to roll in delights—and, like the Babylonian maniac, calling myself the equal of Heaven.

* * * * *

There is a thing I will write down here; something which I have noticed; it is a certain obstreperousness in the mood of the elements since the destruction of mankind. And it is a *growing* rudeness. Tempests are becoming more wrathful; the sea more turbulent and unbounded in its rages. When it thunders, it thunders with a venom new to me, cracking through the heaven of heaven as though it would split the firmament. In India and China I witnessed most frequent earthquakes, some of them marked by a certain extravagance of passion. Why is this? I remember reading very long ago that on the American prairies, which had from time immemorial been swept by great storms, the storms subsided when man came to reside permanently there. If this be true, it would seem that the mere presence of man has a certain subduing or mesmerising effect upon the turbulence of Nature; and his absence now may have removed the curb. It is my belief that within fifty years from now the huge forces of the earth will be let fully loose to tumble as they will; and this planet will become the theatre of commotions stupendous as those witnessed on the face of Saturn.

* * * * *

But it was not to write of *this* or of anything that I have now written, that I have taken pen in hand after a cessation of seventeen years! Why do I deeply fear to put it on paper, writing of this and that, while of *it* alone I am thinking? I will write it in black and white! It shall be written! I have this day heard again within me *the contention of the two Voices!*

I thought that they were done with me!—that all, all, all was ended!—I have not heard them for twenty years!

But to-day—distinctly—breaking in with bawling suddenness upon my consciousness—I heard them!

Soon after my morning meal, I was spurred by the whim to fly from my palace—to hurry to Constantinople to enjoy its burning. And as I leapt to my feet, I heard the sudden startling wrangle of the prompting Voices; and one cried: "Go! Go!" and the other: "Not *there!*—where you will—but not *there!*—for your life!"

* * * * *

I did not go, for I *could* not, I was overcome with agitation. I fell upon a couch shivering.

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These voices quarrel within me now with an openness new to them. Occasionally, influenced by my long scientific habit of thought, I have wondered lately whether what I used to call "*the Two Voices*," were not, after all, merely two strong instinctive impulses (such as most men felt, though with less force) urging me opposite ways. But to-day all doubt is passed; now, unless I be very mad, can I ever doubt again?

I have been thinking, thinking of my life; there is a something which I cannot understand.

There was a man whom I met, it seems an eternity ago, in my youth, I fancy it was at Cambridge, but I forget his name now. He use to talk continually of certain "Black" and "White" Powers, and of their strife for this world. He was a short man with a Roman nose, and lived in fear of growing fat. Very profound was the impression of his words upon me, though I think I used to make a point of seeming to slight them.

This man always declared that the "Black" would carry off the victory in the end.

Well, now, assuming this "Black," and this "White" Being—it seems that the prophecy is already fulfilled; for the human race is gone; and it must have been the "Black" that wanted that, not the "White."

Now, supposing it to be a fact that my reaching the Pole had any connection with the destruction of the race, according to the notions of that extraordinary man I heard preach one night at Kensington, then it must have been the power of the "Black" which carried me, in spite of all obstacles, to the Pole. So far, I can understand.

But *after* I had reached the Pole, what further use had either "White" or "Black" for me? Which was it—"White," or "Black"—that preserved my life through my long return on the ice—and *why*? It *could* not have been the "Black," for I easily divine that from the moment when I touched the Pole, the only desire of the "Black," which had previously preserved, must have been to destroy me—the last of the race. It must therefore have been *the* "*White*" that led me back on the ice—that retarded me long, so that I should not enter the poison-cloud—that openly presented to me the *Boreal*, to bring me home to Europe.

But his *motive*? And the meaning of these recommencing wrangles after so long a silence? This I do not, do not, understand.

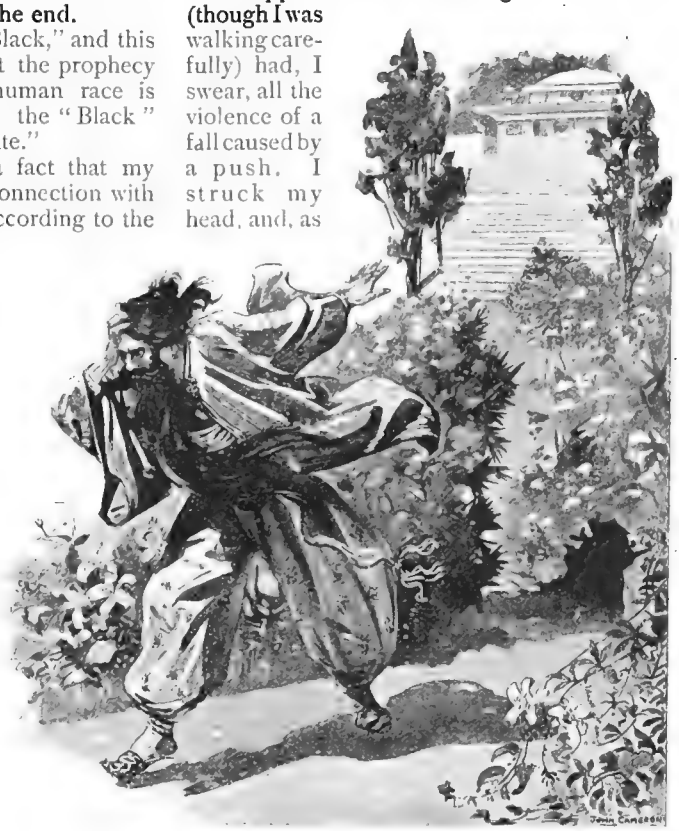
Oh, it is a mad, inextricable tangle! Are there any White Beings and Black Beings *at all*? Do I really, in truth, hear within me the Voices of two persons distinct and separate from my own nerves? Or am I all mad and morbid, morbid and mad, mad?

This inaction here is *not good* for me! this stalking about the palace!—these long thinkings of Black and White, White and Black, and things beyond the ken of man! My brain seems ready to burst my brow.

To-morrow I will get away—to Constantinople.

* * * * *

When, descending to my ship, I had about reached the middle of the platform steps, my foot slipped on the smooth gold. The fall (though I was walking carefully) had, I swear, all the violence of a fall caused by a push. I struck my head, and, as



Sometimes I rush, bawling, with open arms, from this temple of luxury.

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I rolled downward, swooned. When I regained consciousness, I was lying on the very bottom step, which is thinly washed by the wine-waves; another roll and I must have drowned. I sat there an hour, lost in amazement at this event. I then passed over the causeway, and descended to the shore. I am writing this, before going to sleep on board the yacht *Speranza*, she now lying motionless in moonlit water off the Island of Marmora. To-morrow I will drop anchor in the Golden Horn.

* * * * *

It is long since I have so deeply enjoyed even to the marrow of my bones. It may be "the White Being" who has the guardianship of my life; but surely, surely, it is the Black who reigns supreme in my *heart!*

Grandly did old Stamboul, Galata, Pera itself, blaze and roar. I sat in a minaret high on the top of the heights of Pera. I saw the Genoese Tower of Galata shoot perpendicularly upward, precisely like a rocket, and burst with a report in mid-air; the Golden Horn itself was a tongue of fire, being crowded with exploding battle-ships, with feluccas, caïques, merchantmen aflame. I had lain fuses on seventy-three craft, and sent them out beforehand under compressed air to light with their wandering fires the Sea of Marmora. At midnight I was encompassed in one great furnace and fiery gulf, all the sea and sky inflamed, the earth ablaze. And soon I fell weak and drunken upon my face.

* * * * *

O wild Providence! O unfathomable, incredible Miracle! That ever I should write what now I write!

Four nights after the burning I slept in a minaret of Pera. On the fifth day I attempted to pass through the city, toward the Top-khâney quay; for there I had placed under shelter a caïque, by which I might reach the *Speranza*, she being safely anchored some distance out. But the miles of ruins still smoked, and soon, finding my eyes water, I said: "I will change my course to the north-westward, ascend to the 'Sweet waters,' and thence, coming down by the quays of the Golden Horn, reach the *Speranza*."

Accordingly, I made my way out of the region of smoke. I passed beyond the extreme limits of smouldering Galata, and at once entered upon rich woodland a little scorched at first, but soon green and flourishing as the jungle. Here Nature in only twenty years—has returned to an exuberant savagery. All was now wild vegetation, dark dales, streams wimpling through the deep brown shadow. On with slow and listless foot, I paced, munching an almond or an olive. After a time, I penetrated a cypress grove, very sombre. The day was still, the leaves and flowers motionless. I seemed, as it were, to hear the vacant silence of the world. My foot, treading on twigs, produced sounds that resembled the report of guns. I presently reached a glade in a thicket where there was just sufficient twilight to permit me to see a tuft of wild corn with cornflowers, some golden champac, and all about a profusion of musk-roses. I had stopped—*why* I do not recollect—perhaps thinking that I could not be far from the place called "the Sweet Waters," and seriously wishing to find my way out. As I stood looking about me, I remember that some cruising insect trawled near my ear its lonely drone.

Suddenly, I started, I started.

I imagined—I dreamed—that I saw a pressure in a bed of moss and violets, *recently made!* And while I stood gloating with staring eyes upon that impossibility, I imagined—I dreamed—O dizzy lunacy!—that I heard a laugh!—the laugh of a human soul!

Or it seemed half a laugh, and half a sob; and it passed from my consciousness within one fleeting instant.

But brief as was the impression, it was yet so thrillingly *real* that my poor heart received, as it were, the very shock of death; and I fell backward into the moss, supported on the right palm, while the left compressed my working bosom.

Toiling to catch my breath, I lay still, all my soul focussed in my ears. But now I could hear no sound, save only the vast and audible silence.

Still, still I lay. After some minutes I became conscious that my eyes were leering—and leering in one fixed direction. And instantly, the mere fact that I had sense of direction, proved that sobbing laugh a *real* sound, and no maniac fancy. I strove—I managed—to raise myself; and as I stood upright, not the terrors of the grave only were in my breast, but the authority of the Monarch was on my brow.

Step by step, with dainty noiselessness, I moved along a mossy winding path. Soon my ears caught the purling noise of a brooklet. I followed the path—it led me into a mass of bush, through which, prowling like

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a stealthy tiger, I wheedled my painful way. I emerged upon a strip of open long grass. and was now faced by a wall of acacia trees, prickly pear, and pichulas, between which and a forest beyond I spied a gleam of running water.

I crept toward the acacia thicket, entered it a little, and leaning far forward, peered. And there—at once—ten yards to my right —*I saw.*

Strange to say, my agitations, instead of intensifying to the point of apoplexy and death, now, at the actual *sight*, subsided almost to calmness. Steadily, with malign and sullen eye askance, I stood and eyed her there.

She was on her knees, her palms, too, lightly touching the ground. At the edge of the streamlet she knelt, and she was looking with a sort of startled, shy astonishment at the reflection of her face in the clear, brown water.

I believe that the momentary laugh and sob which I had heard was the result of surprise at seeing her own image; and I firmly believe, from the expression of her face, that that was the first time she had seen it.

Never, I thought, as I stood looking moodily at her, had I beheld a creature so fair on the earth (though I can now determine that there was nothing extraordinary about her good looks). Her hair, somewhat lighter than auburn, and frizzy, was a real garment in the absence of others, covering her below the hips, some of it falling, too, into the water; her eyes, which are dark blue, were open in a most silly expression of bewilderment. Even as I eyed her, she slowly rose, and at once I saw in all her manner an air of unfamiliarity with the world, as of one wholly at a loss what to do. Her eyes did not seem accustomed to light. I could swear that that was the first day in which she had ever seen a tree, or a stream.

I guessed that she was of Circassian origin. Her skin was whitey-brown or old ivory-white. Her age appeared eighteen or twenty.

She stood up motionless, at a loss. She took a lock of her hair, and drew it through her lips. Then again she stood feckless, with sideward-hanging head. It was clear that she did not at all know what to make of the world. Finally she sat on a moss-bank, laid a musk-rose on her palm, and looked at it.

On with breathless care, inch by inch, I crawled.

One minute after my first actual sight of her, my extravagance of agitations died down, I say, to something like calm. The earth was mine, by old right; I felt that; and this intruder a mere slave upon whom, without heat or haste, I might perform my will; and for some time I stood coolly enough considering what that will should be.

I had at my girdle a dainty cangiar of Moorish work, six inches long, with a curved blade sharp as a razor. I drew it from its satin sheath. The blackest and basest of all the fiends of the Pit seemed whispering in my breast with calm persistence: "*Kill, kill.*"

Why should I have killed her? That question I now ask myself. Is it because the human soul after twenty years of solitude is more enamoured of solitude than of life itself, shrinking like a tender nerve from the rough intrusion of Another into the secret realm of Self? Or it may be true

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that after twenty years of solitude I am become a true beast, mad, prowling, with instincts all inflamed and fierce, delighting in darkness and crime for their own sake. I do not know; but I know that as I drew the cangiar, the basest and the slyest of all the devils was whispering persistently in my breast: "Kill, kill, and be merry."

With excruciating slowness, like a crawling glacier, I stole forward through the thicket, the knife behind my back. Once, however, there was a restraint, a check; I felt myself held back; I had to stop. One of the ends of my divided beard had caught in a limb of prickly-pear.

It was, I believe, at the moment when I was disentangling it, that I first noticed the state of the sky; a minute or so before it had been clear; now all the heavens were busy with hurrying clouds. It was a muttering of thunder which had made me glance upward.

When my eyes returned to the sitting figure, I saw her looking foolishly about the sky with an expression which assured me that she had never before heard that sound of thunder, or at least had no idea what it could mean.

On, with breathless care, inch by inch, I crawled. Suddenly, with a rush, I was out in the open, running her down.

She leapt up—perhaps two, perhaps three, paces she fled; then stood stock still—only some four yards from me—half facing me—with panting nostrils—with inquiring face.

I saw it all in an instant—and in an instant all was over. I had not checked the impetus of my run at her stoppage, and I was on the point of reaching her with uplifted knife, when I was suddenly checked and smitten by a stupendous violence; a flash of blinding light, attracted by the steel I held, struck tingling through my frame; and at the same moment the most passionate crash of thunder that has ever shocked a poor human ear felled me to the ground. The cangiar, snatched from my hand, fell near the girl's feet.

I did not quite lose consciousness; though, surely the Powers no longer hide themselves from me, and their close contact is intolerably rough and vigorous to a poor mortal man. For (I think) three or four minutes I lay so astounded under that bullying cry of wrath, that I could not move. When at last I sat up, the girl was standing near me, smiling, holding out to me the cangiar in the pouring rain.

I took it from her, and my doddering fingers dropped it into the stream.

* * * * *

Not only can she not speak to me in any language that I know, but she can speak in *no* language; it is my firm belief that she has *never* spoken.

She never saw a boat or water, or the world, till now—I could swear it. I took her in a caïque to the *Speranza*, and when she saw the ship, the open sea, astonishment was printed on her face. But she appears to know no fear. She smiled like a child always, and touched this thing and that patronisingly.

I took her to the *Speranza*, intending to carry her to Imbros, where she might lodge in one of the shore huts; the windlass engine was already at work on the anchor, when I changed my mind. "No," I said, "I will be alone. I am not a child."

I rowed her back to the Topkhâney Quay, and made her land, while I remained in the caïque. I then set out to get back to the ship, saying to her: "You can have Turkey, if you like, and I will have the rest of the world."

I rowed seaward, my face toward her, but steadily averted, for I would not look her way to see what she was doing. However, as I was turning a point, I heard a babbling cry—the first sound she has uttered. I looked; and she was still quite near me: the little maniac had been running along the embankment, following me.

"Little fool!" I cried across the water, "what are you after now?"

There she stood—there she stood—whimpering like an abandoned dog after me. I turned the boat, landed, and shook her roughly by the arms.

While she cowered in surprise, I took her by the hand, and I led her away through the city, choosing the broadest streets, though even these still sluggishly smoked. My object was to find some sort of possible edifice in which to leave her. We walked in this way four miles of ruins from Seraglio Point all along the city Battlements to the Seven Towers, she picking her bare-footed way after me through the wilderness of scorched débris. At last late in the evening, I spied a large house with green lattice-work façade, and terrace-roof, standing solitary in the middle of a vast square or bazaar. It was little hurt, though the vegetation that had overspread the open space was singed by the hot blast to stubble, among which lay thousands of calcined bones, and over all shone now the still moonlight.

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It seemed to me the mansion of some official; it would probably contain divans, henna, cushions, saffron, sherbets, wines, foods, a thousand luxuries still good. I approached and threw open the lattice-door. The girl was close behind me. I entered, and the moment that she, too, was within, I slipped out, slammed the door in her face, and hooked it upon her.

I walked away some yards, then stopped, listening for her expected cry. But all was still. I waited five minutes—ten—but heard nothing; I then continued my way, intending to set out for Imbros.

But I had hardly advanced twenty yards when I heard a weak and strangled cry, apparently in the air behind me, and glancing backward, saw the girl lying on her face among the scorched stubble. She had evidently jumped from a small lattice casement which I saw hang open thirty feet above the ground.

I could swear that she was not conscious of any danger in jumping; all the laws of life are new to her; she had merely come with blind instinctiveness after me, taking the first way that presented itself. I walked to her, pulled at her, and found that she could not stand. Her face was screwed with silent pain—she did not moan. I stood glaring over her a minute, and then took her up and tossed her like a dog within the door. She made no sound, neither groan nor cry.

I found orange-sherbet and narghilas, raki, foie gras, tembaki, krishnu, and a host of delicacies in the house In a courtyard, rank with wild vines, weeds and roses, stood a mosque-kiosk on slender ebon pillars beside a square marble wall; and here, sitting among cushions on its steps, I passed the night, intending that it should be my last in this ruined city.

The girl I did not see during the night, but passing through in the morning, I saw her lying in the very spot where I had flung her. I stepped over her, and went out, but returned, woke her, and examined her ankle. I made her limp to the well, and I bandaged it with a strip torn from my kaftan, speaking meanwhile gruffly to her in a severe voice, so that she might not follow me further.

I started out afresh, leaving her seated on the edge of the well, but presently found that she was limping after me. She follows me like a cork following in the wake of a ship.

I turned back with her into the house to seek a meal. That was five days ago, but tomorrow I shall certainly set out for Imbros.

* * * * *

I have made this discovery; that for twenty

Looking up, I saw her standing behind a pillar.

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years—twenty long years—I have been stark mad, a raving maniac! And that *now*—suddenly—I am sane, sitting writing here in my right mind. The presence of only one other being in the world with me seems to be rapidly changing the whole mood and tone of my mind.

* * * * *

This strange creature! Where has she lived, and how?

She has apparently never seen clothes. Some days since, I made her put on white satin pantaloons from the harem here, a blue silk tunic, a cushee, anklets, rings, corals, slippers: and her perplexity was unbounded!

During all her twenty years she has never seen nuts, almonds, figs, liqueurs, biscuits, chocolate, conserves, vegetables, sugar, oil, honey, sweetmeats, sherbet, salt, etc.; she showed perplexity when I ate all these, hesitation to eat them herself. But she has known and tasted *wine*, I could see that. Here, then, is a mystery.

I followed, dropping upon a heap of stone *débris*.

I have not gone to Imbros, but have remained here observing her. I have allowed her to sit in a corner not far removed from where I have eaten, and I have given her food.

She is wonderfully clever! I keep on finding that, after an incredibly short time, she has completely adapted herself to this or that. Already she wears her outfit as though born in clothes. She watches me with exact observation, without seeming observant. She knows when I am speaking roughly, bidding her go, bidding her come, tolerant of her, tired of her, scorning her, cursing her. If I wish her out of my sight, she quickly divines it by my face, and will disappear. Yesterday I noticed something queer about her eyes, and soon discovered that she had been staining the lids with black pigment, as Mahomedan women used to do. She had, no doubt, found a box and guessed its use from the pictures of women she has observed in the house. Wonderfully clever—imitative as a mirror! Two mornings since, having found on an ottoman an old mother-of-pearl kittar, I sat playing a simple melody. It was in the open colonnade facing the court. Looking up, I saw her standing behind a pillar at the opposite side panting, listening; and two hours later I was startled by hearing the same air struck from the strings. She was repeating it faultlessly by ear. I have also come upon her reproducing the poses of some dancing girls painted in frescoes on the walls. So that she seems to have a character as light as a butterfly, and is afraid of nothing.

* * * * *

Now I know.

I had observed that at the beginning of each meal, she seemed to have something on her mind, going toward the door, hesitating

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as if to see whether I would follow, and then returning. At length yesterday, after sitting to the table, she jumped up, and to my infinite surprise said her first word; said it with a most quaint experimental effort of the tongue, as a fledgling when it first tries the air; it was the word—"come."

I felt some sort of foolish pleasure at hearing her utter a word; and I followed her, saying to myself: "she must be about to show me the sort of food to which she is accustomed; and perhaps that will solve the mystery of her origin."

So it has proved. I have now discovered that to the moment when she saw me, she had tasted only her mother's milk, dates, and Shiraz wine.

As it was getting dark, I lit and took with me the big red silk lantern, and we set out, she leading, and walking confoundedly fast, slackening when I swore at her, and getting fast again; and she walks with a certain levity, flightiness, and liberated *furore*, very hard to describe, as though space were a luxury to be revelled in.

By what instinctive cleverness, or vigorous memory, she knew her way through the ruined city I cannot tell, but she never hesitated, though we walked miles. She led me to the Royal Palace—the Palace of Delmabâgcheh.

Up and up we went through the grounds, a few unburned old bodies in rags of uniform still discernible here and there as the lantern swung past them, a musician in sky-blue, a fantassin, and officer of the guard in scarlet, forming a cross, a sheik-ul-Islam in green tatters, with domestics of the palace in red and orange.

There was no mistaking it; I knew the site; the ruins stood isolated in their terraced gardens. We reached the walls; and through doorless doors we passed, down long marble steps, among strewed courtyards, half-fallen arcades, blackened columns, then down a narrow stair of dislocated stones to what looked like the palace vaults, and at the bottom we stood on a rubble floor, which bore the marks of the recent flames.

The girl pointed with excited recognition to a great hole in this deep floor, ran, and quickly disappeared down it.

I followed, dropping upon a heap of stone *débris*. It was by this *débris*, I knew at once, that she must have clambered out into the world. I found myself in a low flat-roofed cellar, so very vast in extent that I could not half discern its boundaries, though plenty of light streamed in from above. She still led me eagerly on, and I presently saw a whole region of flat boxes, made of thin board, packed to the roof; then another region of bottles in wicker-work, stretching into darkness. The boxes, of which a great number lay broken open, contain dates, and the bottles, of which many thousands lay empty, contain, I think, old Shiraz wine. Some casks, odd bed-posts, a cube of rotting parchments, showed that this cellar had been loosely used for the occasional storage of superfluous provisions and knick-knacks.

It was also loosely used as a prison, for in a lane between the region of bottles and the region of boxes there lay on the plaster the skeleton of a woman, with brass gyves on her wrists. When I had examined her well, I knew the whole history of the girl standing by my side.

She is the daughter of the Sultan. This I at once knew when I had determined that the skeleton is both the skeleton of her mother, and the skeleton of the Sultana.

The poison-cloud occurred some twenty years since; the dead woman was, of course, at that moment lying in prison, and with her the girl; but since the girl is certainly not much more than twenty, she must at that time have been quite a babe.

That the mother was the Sultana is proved by her attire, and the symbolic character of her every ornament—crescent ear-rings, heron feather, and the blue campaca enamelled in a bracelet. She may perhaps have been the victim of a fit of passion which would have passed in an hour, had not death overtaken her master. I imagine that the woman continued to live some years in her deep dungeon—sufficiently long at least to teach her babe to procure its food of dates and wine.

How strange; how infinitely rare a coincidence of chances was here!

And this girl, after existing for twenty years or so in a sunless world hardly an acre wide, one day suddenly saw the sky! And it was *I* who had come, and kindled Constantinople and set her free.

* * * * *

Ah! I see now! I see! It was for *this* that I was preserved. I am a sort of modern Adam—and this little creature is my Eve.

Whilst I have a free will a woman shall not enter into my life. I am done with them. They are not ideal beings. There was Clodagh—that poisoner—bah!

Well, to-morrow I will set out for Imbros, and whether this girl chooses to follow me, or whether she stays behind, I will see her from the moment I land, no more.

(*To be concluded.*)

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This man only takes a step once in three months, but this step—London to Edinburgh—is equal to the distance he would walk in that time if taking his usual amount of exercise.

"IF."

Written and Illustrated with Photographs

By Frank Foulsham and A. C. Banfield.

The innocent little conjunction "if," though one of the shortest words in our everyday vocabulary, is in spite of its microscopic proportions, one that we should find it hard to do without. Its use and power are endless. By its aid the prevaricator can make people think he says "yes" when he means "no," and conversely, "no," when he means "yes." In the mouth of one who understands its use, problems can be propounded which are incapable of solution, and contingencies suggested which give rise to endless speculation.

Everybody has heard of the historic "if" of the walrus and the carpenter in Alice in Wonderland.

It was to the walrus that the problem suggested itself, as he and his companion were viewing with sorrow the vast tracts of sand by the sea-shore:

"If seven maids with seven mops, swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the walrus said, "that they could get it clear?"

This was the problem, and there can be no doubt that it opens up an endless vista of thought. The only answer that the carpenter could give to this stupendous question was "I doubt it." We probably should not feel much doubt; on the contrary, we should—most of us—feel quite sure that if a thousand maids with half-a-dozen mops apiece swept it for the course of their natural lives—the sea-shore would still be sandy. Unfortunately, the oysters had not appeared on the scene when this question was brought up. If we only had their opinion, it would carry great weight. Oysters, as denizens of the ocean, are certain to have been taught the proper reply. But not having it, we must pass on to something else.

Let us consider the suggestion: "If we could fly." Well, in the first place, there would be a revolution in dress. Top-hats, if worn at all, would have to be fastened with elastic at a rakish angle on the back of the head, to prevent every gust of wind carrying them off. Frock-coats would be discarded, and walking-sticks would be no longer a necessity. A single pair of boots would last for years, and the bootblacks would have nothing to do, for people would never walk in

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the muddy streets when they could fly above the houses. Bridges over rivers would no longer be needed, and would fall out of repair. The front doors of houses would be up among the chimney-pots; all the 'bus and tram companies would be wound-up, and half the railways would stop running.

City men would be seen in myriads flying into town in the morning. Only a few benighted old maids and septuagenarians would walk, and still fewer would patronise the half-dozen or so 'busses that would remain in existence. Our illustration shows what Trafalgar Square would look like at ten in the morning.

If a man could receive the value of a life's wages in a single coin. This is not a very likely "if" on the face of it, nevertheless the man shown on page 50 has been lucky enough to realise it. The coin is worth £16,500—that is, £300 a year from the age of fifteen to seventy. It certainly does not appear to be of a convenient size for putting in one's purse, as it is about two feet in diameter and weighs over 350lb. Troy weight.

The gentleman in question evidently has well-developed muscles. The average person would have to take a long course of physical exercise before he could hold out such a weight at arm's length and with such apparent ease.

If the necessities of life were dear and the luxuries cheap. Think of bread at 10*s.* a pound and wedding-cakes at 2*d.* each. The juvenile population would be in hospital two hundred days in the year, and such poor people as were troubled with dyspepsia would starve to death for want of plain food. In the windows of the cheap restaurants we should see all manner of dainties in process of cooking, while he who desired a modest chop would have to go to the Savoy or the Monico. We should pay a penny or so a mile for a cab, while to travel the same distance in a 'bus would cost about two shillings. No one but millionaires would be able to drink beer or water—the ordinary person would have to content himself with foreign wines and French liqueurs. Only a Rothschild would be able to smoke what is now commonly known as "threepenny shag"—

If we could fly—perhaps Trafalgar Square would look like this.

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the navvy and the farm labourer would have to confine themselves exclusively to Havana cigars. This "if" would be very nice for a week, but it is highly probable that after a few months we should be pleased to leave such a "through - the - looking-glass" state of things.

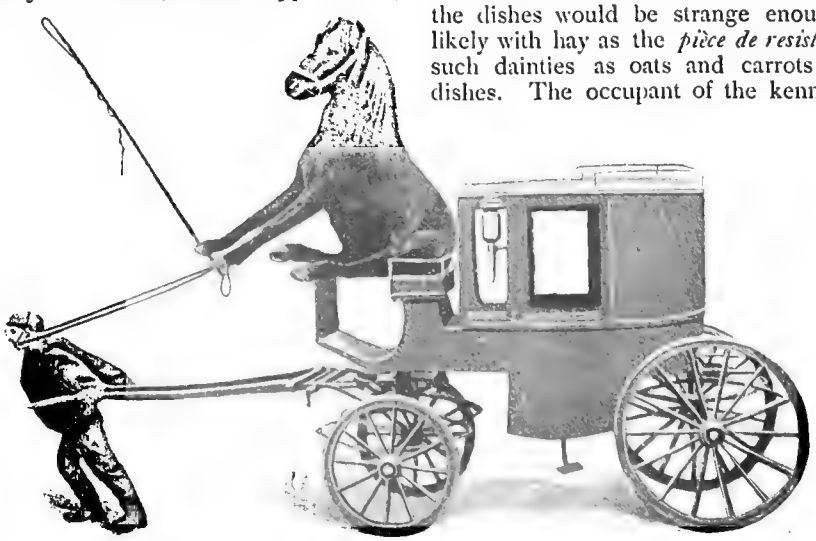
If we could travel to Jupiter. Well, all of us, even the thick-skulled Kaffir and Hottentot, would find the heat rather oppressive, to say the least of it. As Jupiter is several times larger than our earth, every step we took would be as bad as walking a mile here, for instead of weighing twelve stone we should weigh more than fifty. The Jovians too, if Jovians there be, would be terrible creatures, 30ft. or more in height—that is to say, if they bear the proportion to Jupiter that we do to this earth.

If we could visit Jupiter some playful Jovian might easily find room for us in his pocket.

The Jovian in the illustration has captured a human-being, and is inflicting the same punishment on him that Gulliver did on some of the Lilliputians. Let us hope that the Jovian—who, to all appearances, seems good-humoured enough — will show the same mercy in this case that Gulliver did to the pigmies.

None of the "ifs" hitherto suggested would be unpleasant, while one, at least, would be most delightful. What could be more pleasant, for instance, than to fly like a bird through the air, far above earth and all things earthy. The scientist, too, who would be prepared to endure a little discomfort for the sake of increased knowledge, would find a journey to Jupiter charming, and the Jovians a most entertaining study. Let us, however, take one or two "ifs" whose possibilities are not so agreeable.

If animals were masters instead of men. What a state of topsyturveydom the world would be in! Instead of rows of cabs with horses between the shafts and men on the box-seats, we should see human beings in harness with a horse holding the reins, while a more opulent member of the equine community travelled inside. Horses would sit at table waited on by men; the dishes would be strange enough, most likely with hay as the *pièce de resistance*, and such dainties as oats and carrots for side dishes. The occupant of the kennel in the



If animals were the masters this is what would be seen on the cab-stands

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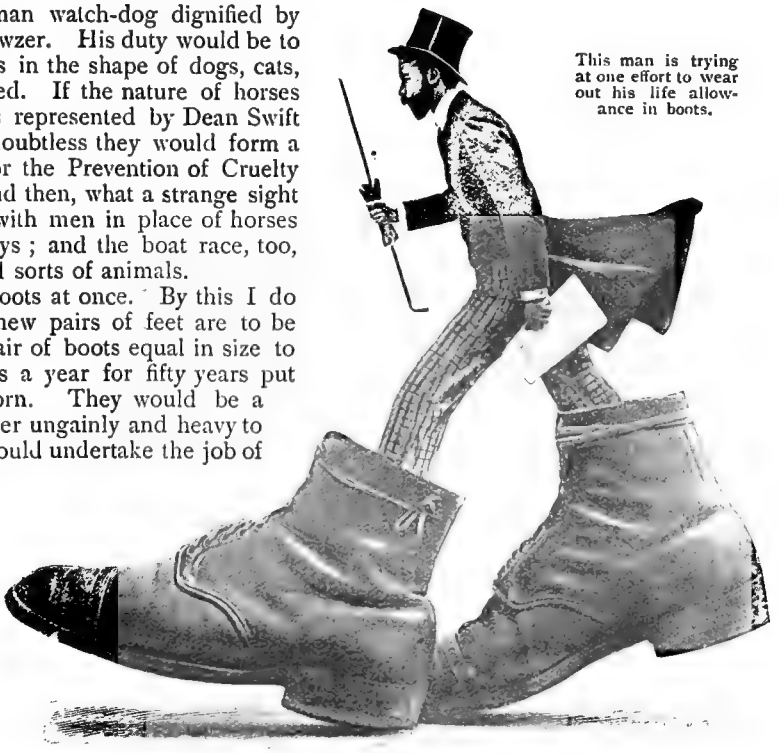
yard would be a human watch-dog dignified by some such name as Towzer. His duty would be to drive off any marauders in the shape of dogs, cats, or foxes that approached. If the nature of horses is nearly so kind as is represented by Dean Swift in Gulliver's Travels, doubtless they would form a S.P.C.H.B.—Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Human Beings. And then, what a strange sight would the Derby be, with men in place of horses and monkeys for jockeys ; and the boat race, too, with motley crews of all sorts of animals.

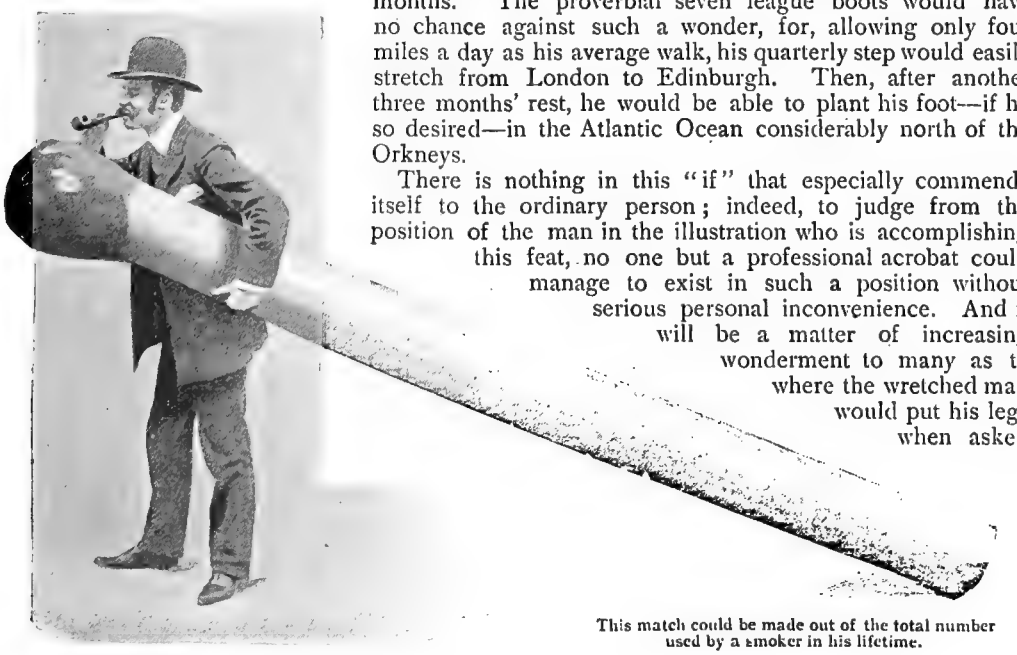


This man is trying at one effort to wear out his life allowance in boots.

If we wore all our boots at once. By this I do not mean that a few new pairs of feet are to be acquired, but that a pair of boots equal in size to our ordinary four pairs a year for fifty years put together should be worn. They would be a very large pair, and rather ungainly and heavy to wear. No bootblack would undertake the job of blacking them at his usual rate, as blacking alone would form a serious item in the expense. Though they would doubtless be convenient in wet weather, only a Sandow would be able to run with them on his feet, as they would be about five feet in length and proportionately wide. If such foot-gear became the rule, steam rollers would fall into disuse and foot-paths would have to be widened.

If a man could traverse in a single step a distance equal to his average walk in three months. The proverbial seven league boots would have no chance against such a wonder, for, allowing only four miles a day as his average walk, his quarterly step would easily stretch from London to Edinburgh. Then, after another three months' rest, he would be able to plant his foot—if he so desired—in the Atlantic Ocean considerably north of the Orkneys.

There is nothing in this "if" that especially commends itself to the ordinary person; indeed, to judge from the position of the man in the illustration who is accomplishing this feat, no one but a professional acrobat could manage to exist in such a position without serious personal inconvenience. And it will be a matter of increasing wonderment to many as to where the wretched man would put his legs when asked



This match could be made out of the total number used by a smoker in his lifetime.

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out to dinner or afternoon tea. Perhaps by a special dispensation of Providence he would be allowed to coil them up.

If the matches that a smoker uses in his lifetime were rolled into one. Even the smoker himself would be a little surprised to find that these would be sufficient to make a wax pillar 12ft. long. The average smoker does not use fewer than fifty matches a day; most of these he borrows, for by an unwritten law, you may beg, borrow, or steal matches without any loss to your dignity. In fact, even if a man is a smoker, it does not follow that he carries matches—the reason being that he can always borrow from someone else, and someone else is always trying to borrow from him.

This man has just received 55 years' wages at £300 a year in a single coin.

The gentleman in the photograph evidently meditates the extravagance of using his life's allowance to light a single pipe. We would advise him—apart from any economical considerations—to be careful, as the head of a match of this size would give a flame on being struck of nearly forty cubic feet in capacity—quite sufficient to make it very unpleasant for anyone who happened to be in the immediate neighbourhood.

If there was a London fog all over England for a week on end! Can a more horrible possibility than this be conceived of? After the first two or three days all the railways would be hopelessly disorganised, and people would have to stay at home or walk. Each house would be in a state of siege, and would have to be put on siege rations, as butchers and grocers would not be able to find their way round to their customers, and would have to let them starve. All traffic would, of course, have to be suspended in London and all large towns; but the number of accidents would be very large in spite of this.

If England were situated in the tropics; if everyone were a genius; if we lived in water instead of air. These are other topics upon which much might be written. But almost every "if" that we have examined, gives us reason to think that we are best off as we are at present.

For though many of the "if's" that we have suggested have seemed very agreeable, probably every one of them would have some disadvantages lurking behind.

Nevertheless, should any of the readers of this article care to try some of the "if's"—to fly to Jupiter, or to wear all their boots at once, or to live under water, there is no objection to their so doing. But the probability is that afterwards they will all come to the conclusion that though some things might be a little better, most things would certainly be a great deal worse *if* things were different.

This is the best way to view the subject. And if sometimes we incline to the feeling that we resemble the fox in the fable of the sour grapes—only despising benefits when we cannot get them—well, it has always appeared to me that the fox was a most sensible animal to be able to console himself so easily. Consequently, in the cases of those "ifs" which appear agreeable, pleasant, and impossible, we ought to look for disadvantages rather than advantages.

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"HATS OFF!"

By Hector Grainger.

Different styles of hat demand different methods of raising. The silk hat and the bowler you raise by grasping the front rim; a soft felt hat you grasp at the side rim, a straw hat you grasp at the rim and crown, and a cap you grasp at the crown. And here I cannot choose but bewail the necessity of raising a cap at all. Is there anything more profoundly annoying, especially if the cap happen to be of rather tight fit? The disorder it makes of your neatly parted hair, the botheration of getting it straight on the head again tempt me to choose strange and unfrequented ways when I happen to be wearing a cap. The same tacit social law that exempts any person in uniform from raising his hat or helmet ought surely to be extended to the wearer of a cap!

Politeness under difficulties.

How to raise a cap.

How not to raise a cap.

There is a great diversity of method even among Englishmen in raising their hats. You have some who literally *raise* it: that is to say—they lift it about a foot above and not to the side of the head—an unlovely method fortunately not in fashion just at present. Very stylish, on the other hand, is the method which consists of raising the hat with a mere effort of the wrist and bringing it on a level with the mouth, with its interior depths open to the blue sky. This is very frequently done and very diverting; it always seems to suggest that the hat is brought into its quaint position for the purpose of catching something, and one would scarcely feel astonished if the lady so greeted should kindly drop a penny into it.

Foreigners, who are always admirably frank when criticising England and her sons, are kind enough to inform us that Englishmen are not merely the most grasping and hypocritical of mortals, but out and out the rudest. Our charming friends across the Channel assert

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this fact with the same vehement conviction as they assert the fact that France is predominant in all things. And, indeed, if we compare British with Gallic methods of raising the hat, we are forced to admit that the severe criticism passed on ourselves is not altogether devoid of foundation. An English gentleman never removes his hat more than a foot away from his head; he does it, moreover, with the utmost indifference, with scarcely a smile on his face and with no perceptible inclination of his head or body.

How the Briton raises his hat.

The correct method with a straw hat.

The ugly but necessary treatment of felt hats.

Is there anything, on the other hand, more elaborate and wonderful than a Frenchman raising his hat to an acquaintance? His walking-stick is whisked from his right to his left hand; he stops short; he brings his heels together with a click, the long points of his feet being as far apart as possible; his right hand goes with a masterly flourish to his hat, he nips the rim delicately between finger and thumb, and with a magnificent curve the hat is brought round to his heart, while his whole body from the waist upwards inclines toward the individual he is greeting, who may very possibly be a man several years younger than himself. Superb! may the time soon arrive when every Englishman goes through the same delightful performance! London will then become a gayer city with such little comedies enacted along its footpaths.

The Frenchman greets a friend. Deportment and politeness personified!

Nothing annoys the average German more than when you tell him what he really is: an industrious, thrifty, conscientious, if slightly unlovely, individual. He delights to be thought an elegant trifler, brilliant, bizarre, rather naughty and wholly charming—epithets which neither his worst enemy nor best friend would dream of pinning on his back. And the poor man strives to live up to his ideals. To see him raise his hat in the street is one of the funniest sights in Europe; he literally sweeps the ground

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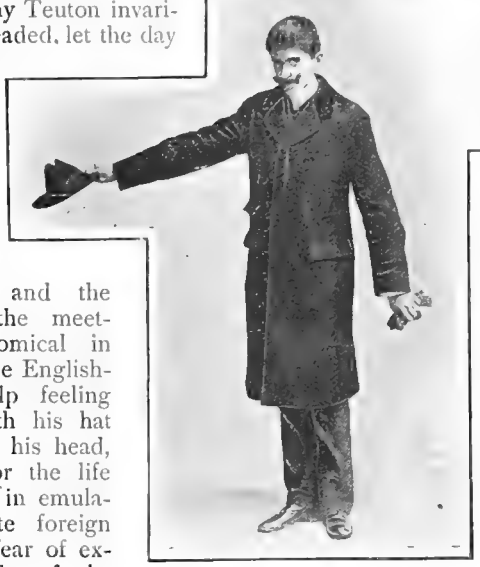
The man in uniform. He touches his cap and society is satisfied.

I wonder if, in any future state of society, the raising of the hat will become an obsolete method of showing respect. Very possibly; for nothing can last for ever that has not a very good reason for its existence. And when you come to think of it, there is really no reason why a man should take off his hat any more than his boots to show his respect to a lady. The day may come when the levellers will have obtained their desire, and not only will all men be equal, but all the women will be equal to the men. In those days a nod will be considered with it, and so clumsily that you are driven to wonder whether he has a single joint in his body. And like the American — who, by the way, whips off his hat just as though he intended to do a conjuring trick with it—our worthy Teuton invariably stands bareheaded, let the day be ever so frosty, while talking to a lady in the street, and very often to one of his own sex as well.

The modest youth. He is not asking alms, he is only greeting a friend

Occasionally to be seen, but happily not often.

If the latter happen to be an Englishman and the scene London, the meeting becomes comical in the extreme, for the Englishman cannot help feeling uncomfortable with his hat planted firmly on his head, but dares not for the life of him remove it in emulation of his polite foreign acquaintance for fear of exciting the ridicule of the passers by.



The German thinks himself a model of elegance.

ample courtesy to a lady. Possibly those days will never come, and the custom of hat-raising will continue for the benefit of such persons as like to study character from outward signs and observances. Certainly no more infallible way could be conceived than from the raising of the hat: everyone raises his hat, or ought to; and even if some do not, the conclusion in their case is obvious.

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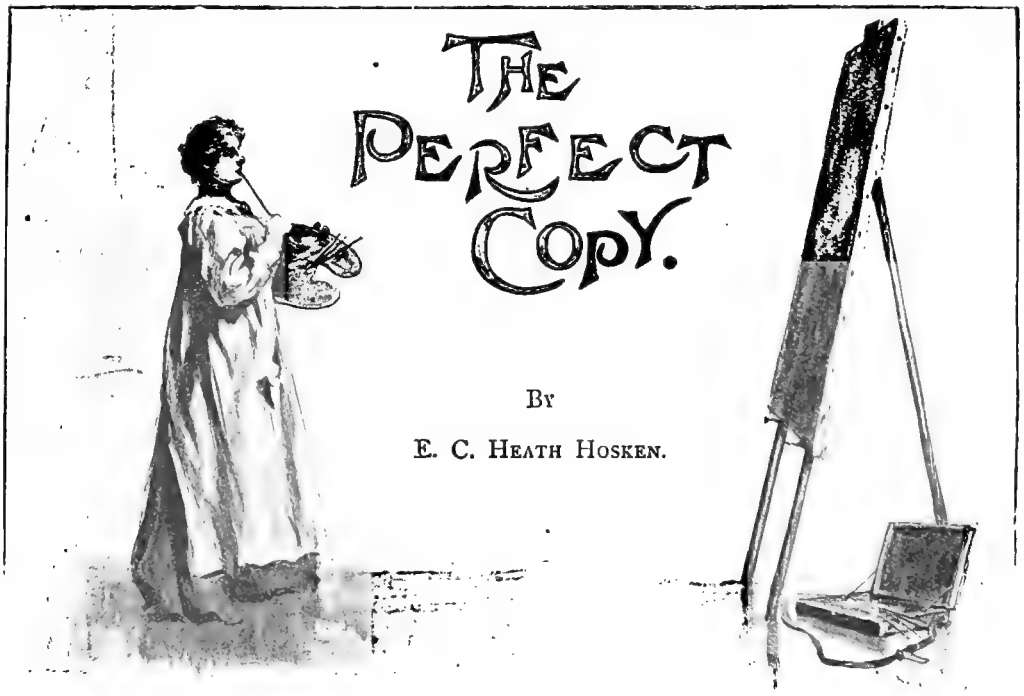

THE PERFECT COPY.

By

E. C. Heath Hosken.

She was a painter, though there were people who said that she should have painted Art furniture rather than pictures. She was young and she was passably pretty, and what her name was is of no importance. She might not like it if I were to tell you.

She had not much money in those days, but at any rate it was enough to enable her to go to Florence for a year or two to study Giotto, Raffael, and Botticelli.

She lived at an English Pension and took lessons in Tuscan Italian from her good Signora. Of course, for a week or two she lived on Baedeker, but she soon got to know the cab fares and the Free Days; and in a month she was independent of Guide Books, was on a nodding acquaintance with the custodians, had formed her favourite pictures and haunts, and, by the time she had been in Florence a couple of months, had taken up her position as an Art Student and copied in the galleries with the rest of them.

Then an evilly disposed old lady put it into her head that she might make a substantial addition to her limited means if she sold her copies; and so for nearly a year she copied the Masters at the Uffizi, the Pitti, and the Accademia delle Belle Arti. Occasionally, and only occasionally, she sold weird travesties of Madonnas and Annunciations and Assumptions to American tourists.

Nevertheless, she loved Florence and she loved her work, and she was happy so far as it went; and she knew that nobody could have perfect happiness in this world, and so she did not mind so much as she might have done.

Poor little soul, she painted with all her heart and brain and might, and there were few people in the Art City of fair Tuscany or anywhere else who knew more about the pictures and their painters than she did. But —she could not paint.

One fine October day, there came to Florence one of those excellent and well-intentioned American ladies who travel with their daughters and consider that a week or ten days is really necessary to do Florence, and then dash off to give Rome a fortnight before finishing Italy.

This excellent lady of the United States possessed a very fair share of the world's goods, stayed at the same Pension, and, in the course of conversation, heard that the girl painted, and further conversation led the girl to show with tender reluctance, a copy she had recently made of Andrea del Sarto's "St. John the Baptist."

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"How perfectly beautiful!" exclaimed the good American.

"Well now, momma, I don't think I ever saw anything quite so good before," exclaimed the American's daughter in the purest Bostonian. "Now, isn't that just fine!"

"How much, now, would it be for one like that?" asked the American mother.

"One of what?" asked the artist very naturally.

"Well, just a copy you know. What's considered the best thing?"

"That depends on your taste," she answered, with a curious little smile.

"Well, let's say that perfectly exquisite Raffael in the Pitti."

"There are a good many Raffaels in the Pitti."

"Well I mean that—now what do you call it, Sadie? Have you got your Baedeker? The Madonna—you know, the one painted on the bottom of a barrel, isn't it?"

"You mean the Madonna della Seggiola, I suppose?"

"That's just it—the Madonna della Seggiola. I think it's just as perfect as it could be."

The artist bit her pretty under lip and considered that now was the time to make a bold bid for fame and fortune, and ask something like a respectable price.

"I shall be pleased and honoured to do you a life-size copy of the Seggiola for three hundred lire," she said promptly, and looked nervously to see how the announcement was received.

"Only three hundred lire?" exclaimed the American lady. "Why, that's splendid. Only three hundred lire—why, that's just sixty dollars! Do you really mean it?"

The girl nodded and felt that she had missed a chance. She ought to have made it five hundred; but it was too late now.

"And when could you have it done—eh?" asked the good lady.

"How perfectly beautiful!" exclaimed the good American.

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"When would you want it?" asked the Artist.

"Let's see. We leave here Thursday week, leave Rome on the 6th of next month. Then back here—well, could you have it done in a month?"

"Yes," said the girl. "It shall be finished." And she smiled to herself at the thought of painting the Madonna della Seggiola in a month.

And so the bargain was struck and the artist got her first really remunerative commission.

And the next morning she set about making the necessary arrangements for commencing work.

Two men were already engaged on the same painting, perhaps the one that has been copied more than any other.

For a week the artist sat and sketched the outline and let the picture grow on her. She generally worked quickly, but somehow this time she set herself to do a masterpiece worthy of the masterpiece. At the beginning of the next week she started painting, and then she got on a little quicker; but somehow or other the thing did not go well. The two other copyists with their well nigh finished canvasses upset her. They were old hands and they painted well and quickly. One of them had copied the Madonna della Seggiola a dozen times last year and knew it by heart. He was one of those men who arrest the tourist and move him to look from the copy to the original and say: "Couldn't tell which was which."

Well, she painted for a week and covered most of the canvas and worked at the face of the Child; but she could not get the thing right, she could not get the colour. Her face looked wooden, and nothing would make it otherwise. She tried the Virgin and that was even worse than the Child. She managed a little better with the little St. John in the corner. But it was altogether very disheartening.

How was it that those men sitting next to her managed to get such a grand effect?

She watched them enviously.

Her reds were always too red, her blues never blue enough.

She fought with it bravely, pluckily, and she worked like a nigger from the moment the Gallery was open to the last moment of light, and she thought of it day and night and felt sick at heart.

At the end of the fortnight she felt that she must go home and give it up. It was worse than amateurish, it was the worst thing she had ever done since she entered South Kensington. She realised for the first time in her life that she had never possessed the magic of the brush. And yet it was hardly fair. Did she not know every line of the picture, every varying shade, every expression? She could shut her eyes, and it would live before her. Yes, her soul could paint it, but her hand could not.

And time was slipping away. It had to be finished, and the paint must be dry, in two weeks' time.

She took it very much to heart, and the good Signora at the Pension thought she must be sickening for an illness, and even her friends noticed a strange change coming over her.

And in truth it was a change. It was a dull feeling of hopelessness, impotence, despair where there had been nothing but bright optimism before.

She could not paint. That was the thing that dinned in her heart, and yet she saw men and women by the score who only cared for pictures as for a means of earning a poor livelihood, and who never saw the soul, but only saw the colour, the form, and perspective, paint as she would have sold her soul to paint.

And one morning she had been lying awake for hours, unable to sleep, watching the moon sink and wondering whether she had not better learn shorthand and typewriting, when she fell asleep and dreamed a dream.

It was as if she sat alone in the Sala di Saturno of the Palazzo Pitti, the Salon in which hung the Madonna della Seggiola.

She sat before the picture, staring, as she had done for the last week, hopelessly, dully at the masterpiece with palette and brush in hand, unable to do a stroke, afraid to touch the already spoiled canvas for fear of making it even worse than it was, when she felt someone touch her lightly on the elbow, and, turning suddenly, she started with a little cry of surprise, for beside her stood a strange looking man—a young man with a woman's face, a young man attired in a curious black costume of another age. The young man looked like the incarnation of a picture she knew well, but for the moment could not recall.

She stared dumbly at him, and he smiled reassuringly, though he said not a word.

"Who are you?" she asked in a whisper.

And then in a flash she knew without his answering. She saw and knew. She had

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seen that face in a portrait, hanging in the Rooms of the Painters, she had seen it in a thousand different forms in photograph, copy, print and pastel.

It was Raffael himself.

And yet she was not surprised. It seemed quite natural that he should be there, he who had died hundreds of years ago, and who, save for the work he left behind, would have been forgotten long ago.

She watched him wonderingly.

He bowed with old-time courtesy, and, without speaking, took her brush and palette from her hand; and she let him do so, she said not a word.

For the time being it was as if her power of speech and action were taken from her. She was struck dumb, petrified, and could only be a witness to a scene. And so she watched him mix the pigments in a strange way unknown to her, she saw his long white fingers—woman's fingers—take the brush.

He held it in a curious way as if he were holding a pen and writing rather than painting for all time.

He painted rapidly, with infinite skill.

She watched him fascinated.

And it was her work—her poor, wretched travesty of his—that he was going over, painting out her lines, putting in his own, changing her colour, giving life to the stiff figures, life to the dead eyes, life to death, changing the wretched, incompetent copy into a living, breathing duplicate of the immortal original. And she sat there watching him, smiling, feeling that it was a dream, and yet dreading the dream would end.

The picture grew before her eyes—the colour came — and inspiration.

The young man turned once and smiled at her, and nodded as if to say: "You see how I do it? That is how it should be done."

And she looked up at the original and then at the one that had been hers, and then—because she could not for the life of her see any difference, because they looked to be one and the same picture—she started, and tried to rise—and awoke.

She had been asleep.

Her bedroom was flooded with the morning light, and her *femme de chambre* was standing by the side of the bed with a can of hot water in her hand.

"Buon giorno, Signorina!"

She rubbed her eyes.

"I?—oh, of course, it is you, Angela. Buon giorno. Is it time to get up?"

"It is seven o'clock, Signorina."

"And the hot water?"

"Behold the hot water, Signorina."

And still, half dreaming, she arose and dressed.

By ten o'clock she was at the Gallery as was her wont.

She was there first of all.

Only the friendly Custode saluted her and passed a remark on the weather and the light.

Her canvas stood face to the wall as she had left it the previous afternoon; but somehow this morning she did not feel quite so disheartened.

Had the strange dream encouraged her?

She could see now the dream figure of Raffaelo painting. How simply, how dexterously he worked.

And she recalled his look—that look of encouragement.

She laughed softly to herself, and thought how very absurd she was to allow herself to have such ludicrous fancies, and pulled her raised easel and stand into her allotted position.

She had been asleep.

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And then she strangled a little hoarse cry of surprise — of perhaps more than surprise, for there was a note of fear in it. She stood and stared wildly at her picture and then reeled backwards, hands outstretched as if to ward off an invisible something.

There was her copy—but yet it was not her copy. She had never painted that. She could never have done it.

It was perfect.

She raised her eyes to the original. Then she looked at the copy, and then from one to the other, and a strange trembling seized her.

Was she still dreaming or had she gone suddenly mad? They seemed to be one and the same picture!

Someone else had painted that Mary's face, someone else had mixed that colour—*someone*—and yet was there anyone on earth now who could paint like that? Had there ever been a painter who could paint like that after——Raffaelo?

The golden Salon of Saturn swam around her and she clutched at her easel to prevent herself from falling.

Her dream was coming back to her. It seemed almost as if she saw the dream figure of the painter by her side, and she half turned.

Yes—the pale, beautiful face of Raffaelo.

His lips moved and it was as if she had heard words:

"Paint! Paint quickly! It is not yet finished. It is for you to finish!"

They were spoken in a melodious Italian that was music in her ears.

And mechanically she mixed her paints. Some power within her which she could not understand was controlling her actions. The paint was wet upon the canvas—*wet from whose brush?*

A spirit that was not her's, moved her, and she began to put the finishing touches on to the Chair, and she felt that a new life, a new soul had come into her. It thrilled her through and through, and sent the blood tingling in her veins.

Half-an-hour afterwards the young Italian who was copying the Madonna della Granduca, a man who had made his reputation as artist's reputations now go, came across the room to her side.

"Good morning, Signorina," he said, "Early as usual I see? How are you getting on?"

Then he stopped short and stepped a pace backwards and stared at the copy, then at the original. "Dio mio!" he gasped, "*have—you—done—that?*"

She turned and smiled. She could not say anything.

At that moment two tourists came up and stopped, as they all stop, before the great picture.

"Humph! seem to know that," said one.

"Know it? Why, of course, you do. It's the Madonna della Seggiola. But, goodness, look at that girl's copy! I say—why, it's—it's perfect. You couldn't tell which was which."

The Italian artist still stared speechlessly at the girl. He could not believe his eyes.

At length he turned away and walked swiftly into the next Salon to return in a few seconds with two other artists—Italians and men of note, in Italy at any rate.

"Look," said the young artist, "*look!*" He could say no more.

The Italians looked, started, looked again, and then stared at each other.

"And the English Signorina has done *that!*"

"Corpo di Bacco!" jerked out the other. "She is made — she is great — it is a miracle!"

And the girl painted on oblivious of everything.

Two others came—and some visitors, then a custodian.

Quite a little crowd collected around her, gaping open-mouthed in astonishment.

And one of the other men who were copying the same picture arrived.

He was an Englishman and a rising man. His copy was almost completed.

"An accident—eh?" he asked the Custode.

"No, Signore, it is the English Signora."

"What of the English Signora?"

"Ecco, Signore. The marvellous copy!"

The artist pressed forward, stared hard, and caught his breath.

He had watched the girl's copy every day for nearly three weeks, and had smiled pityingly, but this—this was not her work.

He stared hard, and then he jerked out an oath, and forced his way through the crowd.

"What are you doing?" he said angrily. "What does this mean?"

The girl started to her feet and flushed.

"I—I don't understand you?" she said.

"Understand me? My dear young lady, I am sorry if I appear rude; but you really must not spoil my picture."

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"*Your picture?*" she gasped.

"Mine? Of course! You surely could not have imagined that—that—"

He checked himself. He was excited; but he was a gentleman, and there was something in the look that the girl gave him that checked him.

He walked swiftly to the window wall where his own easel was standing, and boldly lifted the canvas from it.

"Of course—of course—an absurd mistake. The fool of a Custode must have moved them. I must complain to the Authorities."

"See, my dear madam, here is *your* canvas."

She came forward unsteadily and saw—that it was. Yes—her poor, wretched copy.

She looked wildly around.

"But—but the other?" she stammered. "I—I—"

And then she fainted.

Of course, at the end of an hour, she understood everything, and the English artist comforted her by assuring her that she had not spoilt his picture.

As for her own?—He finished it for her, and the American lady was more than satisfied.

And the girl? She gave up painting and married the English artist.

Everyone knows him now, and he does not copy.

He will very probably be able to put R.A. after his name in a year or two.

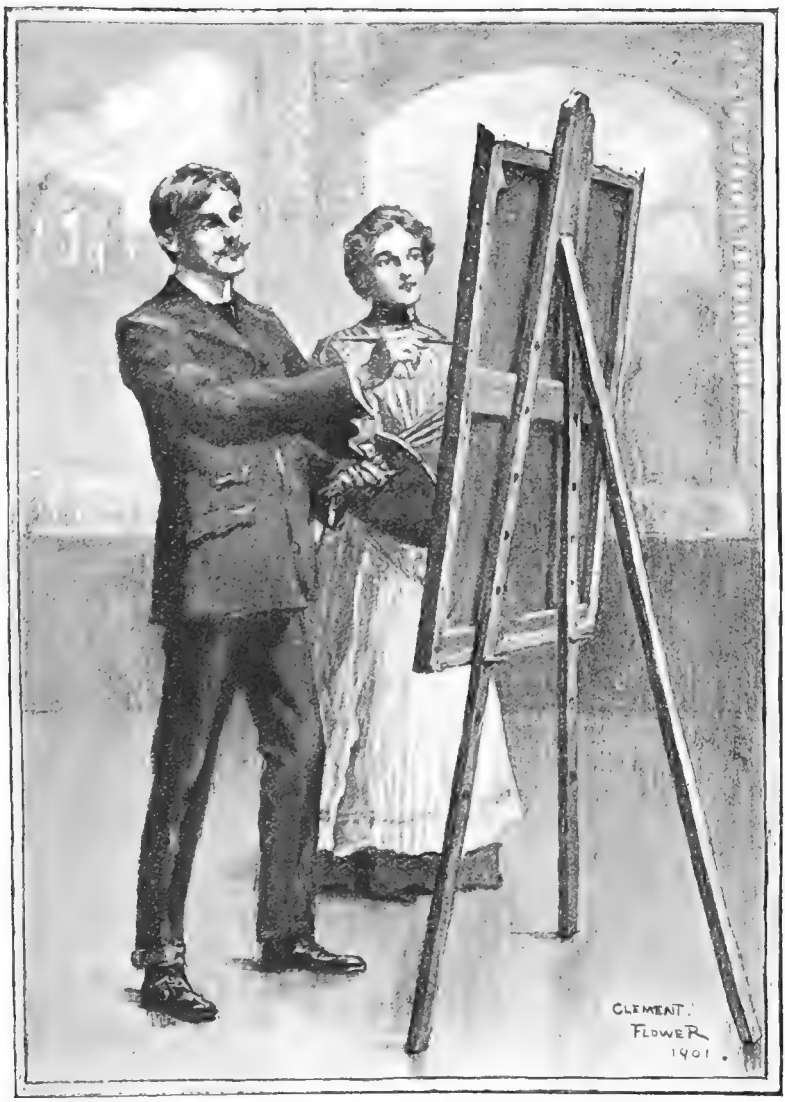
Perhaps you know who he is.

He never sold his own beautiful copy of the Madonna della Seggiola.

It hangs in his studio at Chelsea, and people who know say that it is wonderful.

But he does not take the credit for it, and when people ask him when he did it, he laughs and says his wife and he painted it at Florence a few years ago.

But, between themselves, the artist's wife still insists that Raffaelo had something to do with it.



He finished it for her.

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FLYING BEASTS & FLIGHTLESS BIRDS

The vampire bat, which feeds on blood only, and to which evil powers are ascribed by various native tribes.

By Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S.

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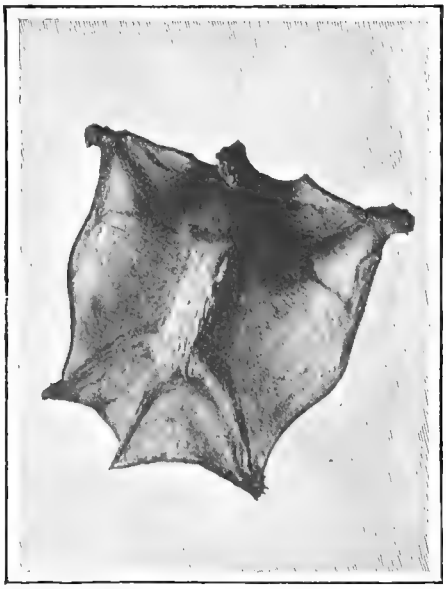
One so often hears the words "animal," "beast," and "mammal" jumbled together and used wrongfully, that it is worth while to note briefly the differences in their meanings. Whilst the word "animal" is applied to any "organised being endowed with life, sensation and power of voluntary motion," including, of course, man, beasts, birds, reptiles, fishes, and insects, the word "beast" is applied to four-footed, or rather four-limbed, animals only, as distinguished from man, birds, reptiles, etc., and the word "mammal" is confined to those animals which suckle their young.

It is interesting to notice the very remarkable way in which the four limbs of the mammalia vary in their shapes and uses, for we find the hinder ones modified into swimming-paddles as with the seals, or entirely suppressed as with the largest of all the mammals, the whale; whilst the front ones are developed into swimming "flippers" in the whales and porpoises, and into wings for flying purposes in the bats. These latter animals alone amongst the mammals possess the power of "true" flight, which "is effected by means of alternate upward and downward strokes of the wings, and can be carried on as long as the muscular powers of the flyer permits." The "spurious" flight of the so-called flying phalangers (lemurs) and flying squirrels is really nothing more than a prolongation of an upward or downward leap, by the aid of parachute-like expansions of the skin of the sides of the body, and cannot be extended in an upward direction beyond the limits of the impetus of the original leap.



The flying phalanger or lemur, which does not really fly, but takes long leaps.

The photograph of the flying phalanger or lemur shows very plainly the expansions of the skin which, in most of this class of animal, encircles the whole of the body, the four limbs, and the tail. All of them inhabit the Australian region, and

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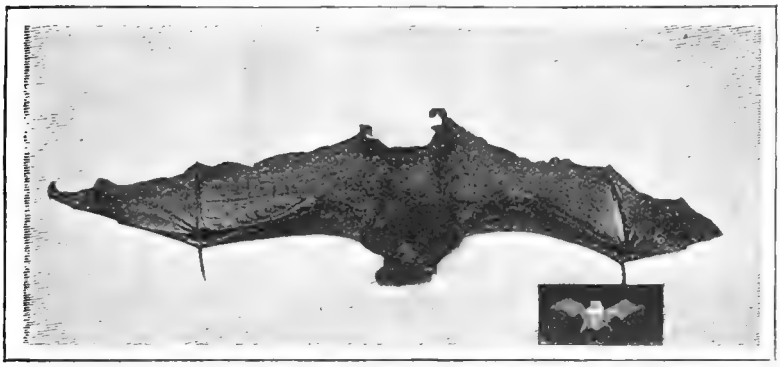
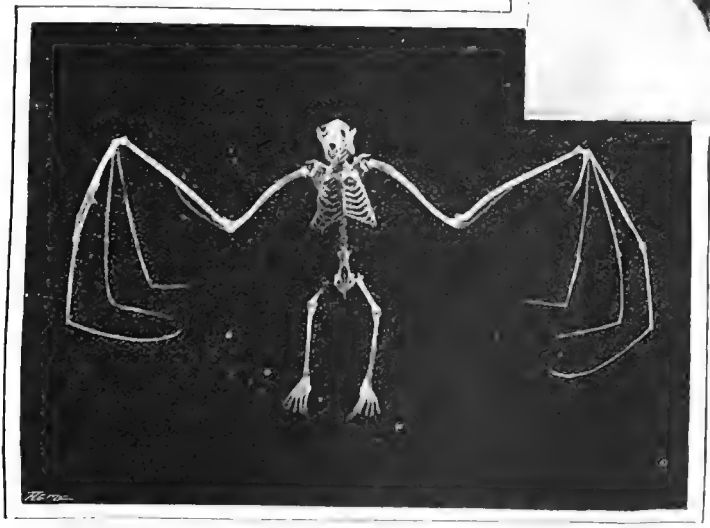


Giant and dwarf bats, showing the two extremes reached by the members of the "*chiroptera*."

they possess pouches like the kangaroos and wallabies, their young ones, which are born in a very undeveloped condition, being transferred to the pouch by the mother, where they are there nursed until old enough to shift for themselves.

The flying squirrels, again, exhibit only "spurious" flight, like the phalangers, but they differ from them in two particulars. First, they do not possess pouches, and, secondly, the parachute-like expansion of the skin does not encircle their tails. They are widely distributed over the world, and many a morning has the writer spent in the American forests watching these picturesque and graceful little animals at play, for it is then that they are seen at their best, when unaware of the near presence of any human being. Climbing, leaping, and sailing in the air, they spend hours at a time, sometimes ten or twenty of them, racing up the stem of a tall tree to the very highest branches, and then suddenly leaping into space. They extend their membrane-like wings, and with tails spread out behind them, come down with a rush towards the ground. But just as they seem to be on the point of striking *terra firma* they curve their bodies upwards, and in an instant are seen clinging to the side of another tree quite thirty yards away from the one they have just left. Quickly racing to the top of this tree the little creatures once more launch themselves into mid-air and land on another tree thirty or forty yards further on.

The fruit bat or false vampire resting.



The skeleton of the fruit bat, showing how well the long bones of the wings adapt it for rapid flight.

The bats, as was pointed out just now, are the only mammals possessing the power of "true" flight, and

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they are well named as an order, *Chiroptera*, or hand-winged. The majority of the mammalia possess limbs of fairly equal length, and when there is any difference it is usually the hind limbs that are longer than the front. The kangaroo affords an instance of this, although, strange to say, its hind limbs at birth are very much shorter than the front ones.

But with the bats the front limbs are very much the longer, and a glance at the photograph of the fruit bat's skeleton will show how beautifully they are adapted for flying purposes. Whilst the arm from the shoulder to the forearm is only lengthened a little more than would be expected, from there to the wrist the length is enormously increased, whilst the bones of the hand, with the exception of the thumb, form long, slender rods, on which the wing membrane is carried.

The apteryx, or kiwi, a curious-shaped bird without wings or tail, and with feathers resembling fur.

The thumb is quite free from the membrane, and has, instead of a nail, a hooked claw, which the bat uses when crawling along any surface, or for hanging itself up, when it wishes to sleep. The third is much the longest of the fingers, and they are all joined and covered with the membrane, forming a soft and delicate wing. This wing-membrane goes right along the arm, down the side, and round the hind limbs as well, forming a magnificent resistance to the air when the bat is flying, and enabling it to turn and twist with marvellous quickness, when on the wing.

The bats, which number altogether about four hundred and fifty different species, are divided into two groups, the fruit-eaters and the insect-eaters, the largest being the so-called flying foxes, fox-bats, or fruit-bats from the hottest parts of the Old World, some of them measuring no less than 5ft. across the wings. The insect-eaters are very much smaller, the contrast in size between the huge fruit-bat and the tiny "flitter mouse," as the Daubentons bat is commonly called, being plainly shown by our photographs.

The vampires, or blood-sucking bat, belong to this class, and they are divided into false vampires (which are common in parts of Africa, India, and the Malayan region), harmless vampires, and true vampires, from the New World, or American continent. All of them are rather small, the harmless vampires being the largest, and measuring nearly 3oin. across the wings. The true vampires are blood-feeders only, and they use their sharp incisor teeth for shaving away a thin bit of skin, and then they quickly suck up the blood of human beings and other creatures, as it flows.

The harmless vampires are fruit-feeders only, but their hideous appearance, "the large leathery ears standing out from the sides and top of the head . . . the grin on the face, and the glistening black eye," is doubtless the cause of their being so dreaded by the natives, who ascribe diabolical powers to them. The false vampires are "all round" feeders, for they are known to devour not only smaller bats, but birds, frogs, grasshoppers, and even small fish, in addition to their blood-sucking propensities, the word

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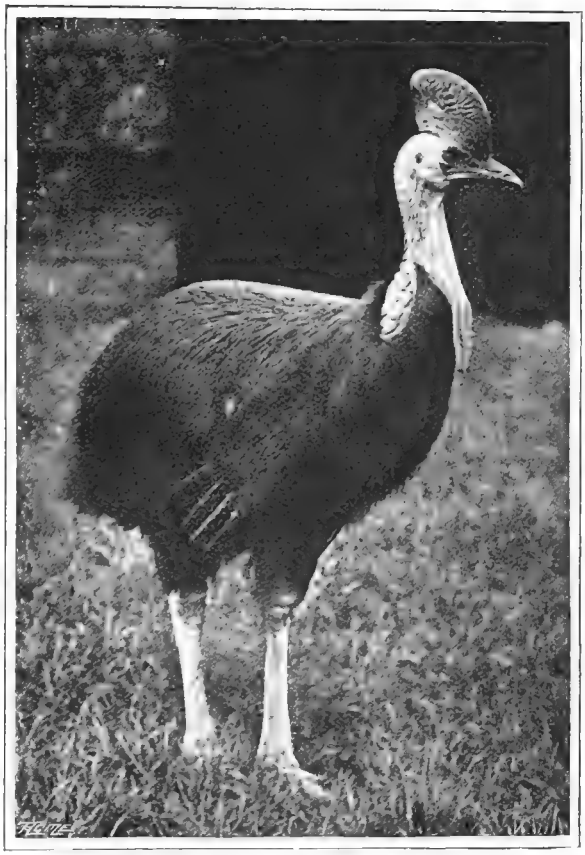
"false" applying only to a structural difference and not to their habits.

Of reptiles endued with the power of true flight, it is only necessary here to mention those weird prehistoric creatures, the flying dragons or Pterodactyles, which "whilst agreeing with crocodiles in the essential structures of their skulls and ribs, have the other portions of their skeletons more or less modified for the purposes of flight." They were provided with beaks, which in many cases were lined with strong and business-like teeth. Their gigantic wings far exceeded in size those of any bird, either of prehistoric or recent ages, their span being estimated at quite five-and-twenty feet, whilst some of the Pterodactyles sported abnormally long and naked, rat-like tails with racquet-shaped tips, which may possibly have served the purposes of a rudder when their owners were soaring far above earth.

Few things more weird can be found amidst all Nature's efforts than these Pterodactyles, with their extraordinary contrasts, their variability, and appalling hideousness of form.



The cassowary, a flightless Australian bird of the ostrich family. The males are smaller than females

Surely amidst all Nature's freaks and contrasts, not the least remarkable is the fact that there are many birds which do not possess the power of flight. We find good examples of this amongst the penguins and ostrich-like birds, the wings of the former being transformed into paddles for swimming purposes, covered only with small scale-like feathers, the quills being quite rudimentary; whilst in the latter the wings are so reduced in size as to be altogether useless for the purposes of flight. Indeed, in some cases they are so rudimentary as to be completely hidden from sight by the feathers on the back and sides.

There are about twenty different kinds of penguins, and all are inhabitants of the Southern Hemisphere, amidst the ice of the Antarctic, in South Africa, South America, Australia, and New Zealand, whilst they vary in size from the large Emperor penguin, which measures 3ft. 6in. in height, and weighs about 80lb., to the little blue penguin, which stands only about 16in. in height. All, however, are very similar both in appearance and in habits.

The ostrich-like birds may be divided into ostriches, rheas, emus, cassowaries, and kiwis (apteryx). The first-named is now found in Africa, Syria, Arabia, and Mesopotamia only, although it is believed formerly to have inhabited parts of Central Asia. The rhea, or South American ostrich, is a very much smaller bird, and differs from its African relative in many ways, one of the most remarkable points being that it possesses three toes on each foot, whereas the ostrich has only two, and these toes are furnished with claws instead of nails. Unlike their relatives in Africa, the rheas have feathers on their heads and necks, but they have no tails. Both kinds of birds use their wings when running at their fastest, their speed and the distances which they can travel being truly remarkable.

The emus and cassowaries are from the Australian region, and they differ from the ostriches in many points. Especially are their

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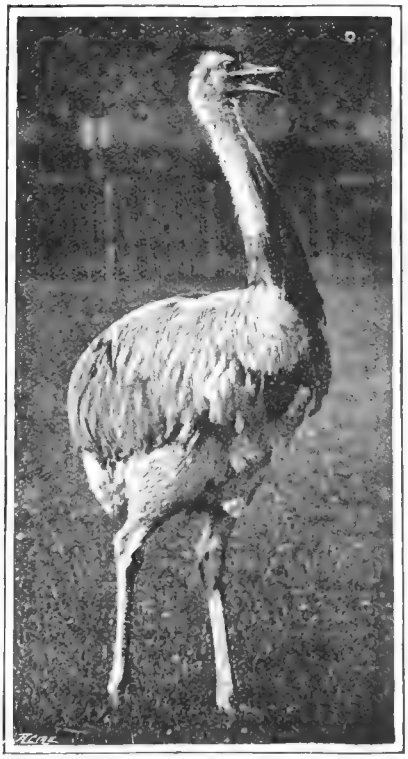


The rhea, a tailless bird of the ostrich family.

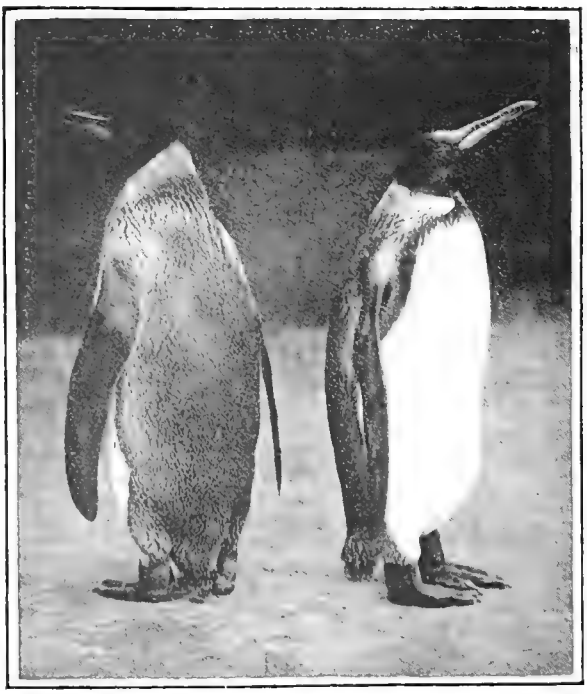
eggs distinct from those of the ostrich. They are dark green in colour and have rough shells, instead of being smooth, light coloured eggs. In this group of birds the females are larger than the males, the latter not only doing the whole of the hatching, which lasts from eight to nine weeks, but taking entire charge of the chickens as well.

Emus are now so common in Great Britain, where large numbers of them are kept in private parks and other places, that it is unnecessary to describe them, but they are rapidly being exterminated in the Australian region, and it is fortunate that they so readily adapt themselves to the vagaries of our extraordinary climate, or they would soon be classed only with the "have beens."

The cassowaries may generally be recognised at once by the helmet-like prominence on the top of their heads, and also, in some instances, by the heavy wattles hanging from their necks. Their feathers are hair-like in texture, and quite different in this respect from those of the majority of birds, whilst the wings are represented, externally, only by four or five black quills, which look like coarse bristles.

Both emus and cassowaries are three-toed birds, and they defend themselves by powerful kicks from their sturdy legs; but it is curious to notice that whilst the former always kick outwards and backwards, the cassowaries invariably kick forwards, raising up their heads and bodies to their full height at the same time.

But of all the flightless birds, the kiwi or apteryx of New Zealand is the most remarkable in appearance, habits, and structure. The rounded body without a sign externally of wings or tail, the hair-like texture of the feathers, the lengthy beak with the nostrils placed at the end of it (in this respect being absolutely unique), the huge egg which it lays, so out of all proportion to the size of the kiwi that it is impossible to replace it in the skeleton of the bird which laid it without breaking some of the bones; surely here we see a regular triumph amongst Nature's freaks. They are night birds and strongly resent the daylight, our photograph having been taken under great difficulties, the subject all the time protesting against being roused from his slumbers with loud hisses, whilst directly he was touched, he struck out vigorously with his strong feet, and quickly drew blood whenever his claws got home.



Emperor penguins, the largest species in the penguin family, standing 3ft. 6in. in height.

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THE PASSING OF A SHADOW

By Mary Manifold.

The great ocean liner, *Merovingia*, was within twenty-four hours of New York. There was a whisper of land in the air. In the smoking saloon the men were laying wagers as to the number of the pilot boat. The ladies were shaking out the toilettes in which they were to land. Chances of meeting again were discussed by those who had become good friends in the short seven days that, as a rule, mean so little on land, but are so full of possibilities at sea.

Pretty little Mrs. Gowan reclined in her deck-chair with eyes full of trouble. To a casual observer this might seem strange, for apparently she had much to make her happy. She was newly wed. Her husband, to all appearances, was everything that could be wished. He was young and handsome, his manners, as a rule, were most agreeable, and, moreover, he was rich. It may seem odd that no one had guessed that they were on their honeymoon, but the reason of this will be explained.

Two days after their arrival on board, Mary Gowan made an unpleasant discovery with regard to her husband. Of all the minor failings in man or woman, sulking was the one she most detested, and Richard could sulk. This was how she found it out.

It was before breakfast, and they were in their state-room. There was a choppy sea which produced that motion which, before breakfast, and in one's state-room, is almost unbearable. Richard was wrestling with a collar-stud; Mary was adjusting a hair-net. Both were longing for fresh air. They were having a trifling argument, not in itself likely to be dangerous, but, taken in conjunction with the other conditions, fraught with peril.

"I don't remember seeing it," said Mary. ("It" was a hat-box.) "I left all that to you."

"A small thing like a hat-box," began Richard, getting hot and then suddenly cold as the ship gave a lurch—and just at this point his stud broke. "Really, Mary, you might——"

"I tell you it was nothing to do with me," retorted Mary angrily.

He turned sharply on her. "Confound it all, Mary! I said——"

"I beg you will not swear at me, Richard," said Mary, furiously—the motion was horrible—"pray remember that you are a gentleman, even if you do feel ill!"

As these fatal words left her lips, a certain expression settled on Dick Gowan's face that Mary had never seen. She did not see it now; she had reached the point of her endurance, and with her hat in her hand and her cuff-links unsecured, she made as straight a line for the deck as was compatible with the motion of the boat.

"I *was* cross," she reflected, "and I believe it was his collar and not me he confounded, poor boy."

A few minutes later the poor boy appeared, looking immaculate, but with the Expression

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on his face. His wife was leaning against the rail near the companion-way. She turned her head and smiled shyly at him—they had never quarrelled before—but he, alas, turned on his heel and went forward.

At breakfast they met, and Mary, very sweetly as her nature was, made timid advances which were repelled. No—thanks—he was not taking any salt with his egg and he ate it saltless, to his inexpressible discomfort. She drew his attention to the violets she wore—she had brought them on board, and they looked wonderfully fresh. Richard gave them one scathing glance and entered into conversation with his *vis-à-vis* in a most pointed way. Mary was much hurt. She was, however a very sensible girl, and she determined to be gentle with him until his mood should change—but she did not realise that it might be a long time in changing.

"I beg you will not swear at me, Richard," said Mary furiously. "Pray, remember that you are a gentleman."

Through the day he was perfectly civil and occasionally even considerate, but he held aloof, and his aloofness tried and wounded Mary more than she was aware. When, therefore, towards evening she resolved to attach herself to him as he paced the deck, her patience was all but exhausted. Richard received her coolly and they tramped the length of the deck in silence. As a matter of fact he was relenting. He was a good fellow, and her persistent sweetness had touched him, and, moreover, he loved her very dearly. The cloud that had oppressed him all day was lifting, and things were assuming their natural proportions, but for the life of him he could not think of anything to say, and so they turned and retraced their steps, still in silence. "Now," said Mary to herself, her wrath steadily rising, "I will give him as far as that ventilator and if he has not spoken by then, I'll——"

The deck was almost empty, it was nearly dinner-time — in a few minutes they, too, must go below and prepare for the evening meal. Richard realised this and his mind became a blank—as for Mary, her eyes were fixed on the ventilator. They were within three yards of it — Richard had not opened his lips—they were alongside — for a minute all was a blur of red before Mary's eyes with her husband's startled face staring out of it. "Very well," she said, in a voice that sounded strange in her own ears, "very well—sulk—go on sulking, sulk for the rest of the voyage," and she whirled off, one might almost say carried away by her indignation. As for Richard, the cloud settled down on his spirit blacker than ever, and he sulked and he went on sulking—and he sulked for the rest of the voyage—almost.

On the last day but one, as related at the

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beginning of this narrative, Mary Gowan was meditating sadly in her deck-chair. An awful task confronted her and she was nerving herself to perform it. She must write home. As soon as they landed, the letter must be mailed—in America they do not 'post' letters—the letter which she knew was being so longingly awaited by her mother, alone in the far-away English home. As she thought of her mother, Mary's eyes filled with tears. *She* did not know how it had ended. She had hoped so much for her beloved and only daughter. Together they had looked forward to this voyage across the sea, although they were not to share it. She little knew what a fiasco it had been; moreover, she should never know. Mary sat up in her chair, put back the little stray curls behind her ears, and after another moment's deliberation, rose and went to her stateroom. There she found her husband, fussily folding his ties, evidently with a view to packing. Mary silently collected her writing materials.

"I should like to see the letter," he said quietly.

"Are you going to write?" asked Richard, glancing at her little set face.

"Yes," said Mary, adding, "in the ladies' saloon." The monosyllable sounded so curt.

The green-plush stuffiness of the little saloon oppressed her, but she had it to herself and she bent resolutely to her task. The little mother should be happy, even if her own heart were breaking, as it was to all intents and purposes; and she wrote on, almost eagerly, warming to her work until at last it hardly seemed difficult at all.

She was finishing when her husband came in and sat down at the other side of the table.

As she blotted the last sheet, "Are you writing home?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mary, a little nervously, hurriedly searching for an envelope.

"I should like to see the letter," he said quietly.

"I am sorry," was the reply. "I can't possibly let you see it—it's quite private. I refuse—" she added quickly, as he held out his hand.

"In that case, I must insist that you show it to me," he said, incisively.

Mary hesitated for a second, and then almost desperately passed over the sheets. It did not occur to her that his heart might soften. Latterly she had become hopeless. It seemed to her that her life stretched out indefinitely across an unending desert of loneliness. She closed her eyes and lay wearily back in her chair, wondering vaguely if Richard's annoyance would take any new form.

In the meantime Richard was reading. At first the letter seemed innocent enough—

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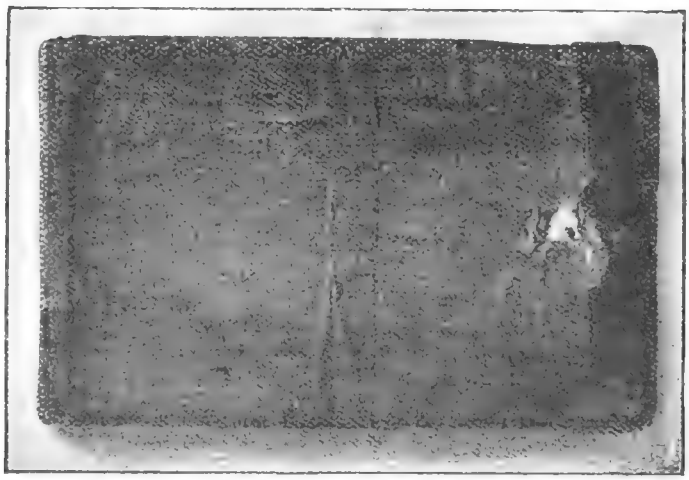
the steamer was described—the captain—their fellow-passengers. She went on to relate how their days were spent, and here it was that the following strange statement met Richard's eye: "After dinner Dick and I have long, lovely talks as we pace the deck in the starlight—there seems so much to talk about, and we make delightful plans for the future." Needless to say this was pure fiction, and Richard, somewhat abashed, glanced up at his wife. The sight of her sad little face smote him, and he dropped his eyes to the closely-written sheets in his hands and continued reading. After this untruth there was a lull, and the narrative continued strictly veracious for another page and then it had apparently struck Mary that there was not enough about Dick in her letter to satisfy her anxious mother's heart—so: "Dick is quite the best-looking man on board, and by far the most attentive and polite. I am so proud of him." Richard blushed. "He is reading one of Black's novels aloud to me." ("Oh, Mary!") "We both enjoy it so much. I have made one or two friends, but really, I hardly need them as Dick seldom leaves my side." It was easy to see that Mary was fast being swept down the stream of her own inventions, and Richard read on, fascinated. "Darling, I hope you are not too lonely. I know it must make you happy to know how happy *I* am. Dick, I really think, is quite perfect, and I am the happiest woman in the world——"

Richard laid down the sheets—his face was very white. Two tears were rolling slowly down the cheeks of the happiest woman in the world. With a heart full of love and remorse, he stretched out his arms to her, saying: "Dearest, I am so sorry——"

The cloud had lifted, and it did not fall again.

A BOOK WITH A HISTORY.

If we were able to judge from appearances, we should probably not see much of romance in the Company Squad Book here depicted in our illustration. But since its purchase by Sergeant A. Hatrick, of the 3rd Grenadier Guards, the volume in question has been to South Africa and back with its owner, having served an almost unique purpose while at the front. Sergeant Hatrick was one of Lord Methuen's Brigade of Guards, and while in the Modder River district he saw a good deal of hard fighting. It was his custom to carry the Company Squad Book in his breast pocket, and it was in that position when the sergeant was engaged in the action at Belmont, in which he was twice wounded. Strangely enough, however, when his wounds were examined it was found that one of the bullets had struck the book as it lay in the pocket just over his heart, and had been slightly deflected, thus entering his chest higher up, wounding him, but not seriously. Sergeant Hatrick's other wound was in his left forearm, and this, unfortunately, necessitated his return home, and subsequently his leaving the service. Nevertheless, he has every reason to thank Providence for his marvellous escape from greater misfortune.



The book that saved Sergeant Hatrick's life at Belmont. The small hole near the elastic band is where the bullet struck.

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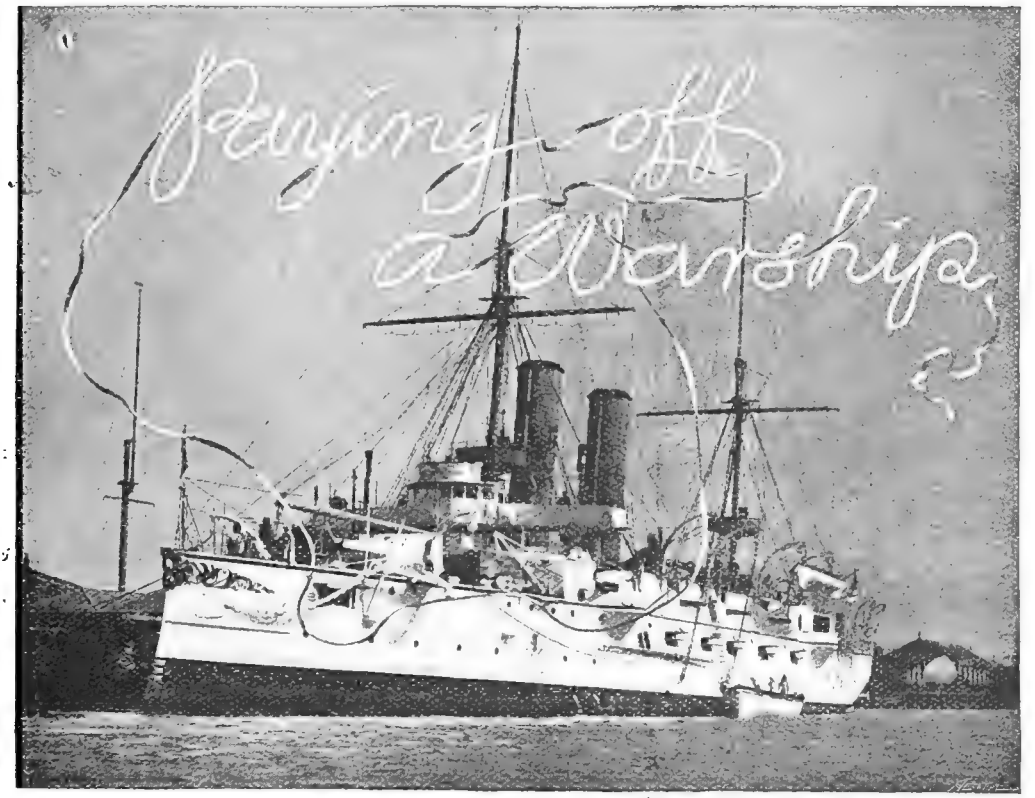

Being the Last of a Series of Articles on "How the Navy is Run."

By J. J. Bennett.

Illustrated with Photographs by Cribb, Southsea.

Three years is a long time to spend at sea, away from home and kindred, and cut off from almost everything that makes life enjoyable. What wonder then that Jack's spirits rise when he sees the homeward-bound pennant flying from the masthead. For this strip of bunting is a token that his ship will soon be shaping her course for old England once more.

When a warship goes into commission for a term of foreign service, she stays abroad on her station for three years. And it is by no means a three years' pleasure trip, either. Only those who have had actual experience, know what hard work our sailors perform in far away corners of the earth. Ubiquitous as the newspaper correspondents are, they take cognisance of only a tithe of the little affairs in which Jack participates.

At one time he is sweltering under double awnings beneath a tropical sky; at another on duty in seas where icebergs are a constant source of danger. Of hard work there is always plenty; and not infrequently there is hard fare as well.

But Jack maintains his native cheerfulness through it all and comes back with his skin tanned, his frame as tough as iron and his heart as happy as a schoolboy's on a holiday.

Of course, on a station like the Mediterranean the conditions of life are somewhat easier, and the trips ashore more frequent.

You do not fully realise the pleasure of stretching your legs on dry ground until you have been cooped up in a ship for months together. It is not as if a sailor were free to go where he liked aboard his own vessel, for every man is allotted his particular part of the ship both for work and play.

Thus the foc'sle men get the port side from the waist forward, the foretop men get the starboard—or opposite—side. The maintop men take the starboard side aft, and the quarter-deck men the other side. Each man is told off to his particular gun, watch, fire-quarters, and fighting station. The starboard

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side of the quarter-deck is sacred to the captain and commander. Other officers use the port side. Each rating amongst the crew has its special part of the upper deck for lounging and smoking—and must keep to it. Nowhere in the world is distinction in rank more rigidly observed than aboard a warship. The captain is a veritable autocrat who holds the future of every man beneath him very largely in the hollow of his hand. His word is law in the little floating island of steel over which he reigns.

When a ship is ordered to return home to pay-off, the first thing done is to manufacture a paying-off pennant. This is not enjoined by the regulations—but, like many other things in the Navy, it is a custom that no captain would think of neglecting to observe. The pennant is made by the signal staff, and its length is governed by the time the vessel has been in commission. A yard for every month is the recognised allowance; but if the mast be high enough to carry it, the pennant is often made much longer than this. Frequently a gilded bladder, on which are painted the year of commissioning and the year of paying-off, is attached to the end of the pennant. In our illustration the cruiser *Narcissus* is flying a paying-off pennant, at the end of three years on the China Station. Immediately the ship starts her homeward voyage the long pennant is hauled down and the short Admiralty one hoisted in place of it. Were this not done there would not be much pennant to display by the time England was reached.

A bluejacket and his pets.

Upon arriving at her port the ship does a three-hours' paying-off trial. That is, officials from the Admiralty go aboard and a three hours' run at sea is made, the object of this being to ascertain whether her machinery is in good working order. She then salutes the Port Admiral's flag and steams into harbour.

The captain buckles on his sword and goes to the office of the Port Admiral to report arrival. All the ship's books are then forwarded to the Admiralty, where they are gone through by the officials. This inspection finished, the Admiralty orders the ship to be paid-off on a certain day, and into a certain division of the Reserve. She may be ordered to pay off into A Division, Fleet Reserve, which means that she is considered practically fit for sea again. More frequently, however, the ship pays off into B division and is taken in hand for overhaul. Perhaps her guns have become a bit antiquated or her hull needs extensive repair. In such a case a ship is generally ordered to pay-off into C Division, Dockyard Reserve, and she gets stripped, so to speak, to her skin. Boilers are lifted out, decks taken up, and thousands of pounds spent on refitting her.

Whilst waiting orders to pay-off, the ship is inspected by the Port Admiral, or one of his staff. This inspection is somewhat of an ordeal. Into every part of the vessel goes the inspecting officer, and he examines all the gun crews, the small arm parties, and, in fact, everything and everybody aboard. Once this inspection is finished the crew begin to prepare their vessel for paying-off. The first thing done is to get their own belongings ashore. Every sailor is an

Hauling down the paying-off pennant.

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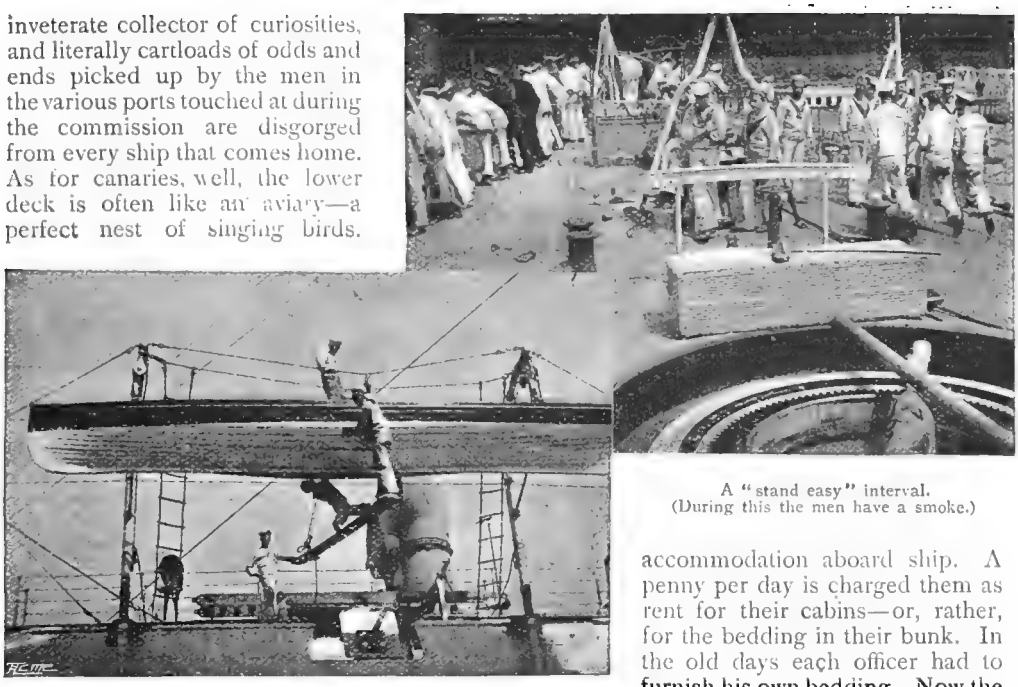
inveterate collector of curiosities, and literally cartloads of odds and ends picked up by the men in the various ports touched at during the commission are disgorged from every ship that comes home. As for canaries, well, the lower deck is often like an aviary—a perfect nest of singing birds.



A "stand easy" interval.
(During this the men have a smoke.)

Smartening up the boats for inspection.

No British Tar would think of passing Madeira on the way home without buying a canary—and now large quantities of them are obtained on the West Coast of Africa.

The ocean seems to have some subtle influence in expanding the kindlier side of man's nature. It thus happens that monkeys, cats, and various other animals from all corners of the world get taken into the ship as pets for the Lower Deck. And these animals become so tame, and are taught by the sailors so many quaint tricks, that they become quite valuable on land.

Having got all pets and curiosities ashore, the work of stripping down the ship begins. Between the arrival home and the day of paying out of commission, a week or two usually elapses.

During this time the crew are busy getting out the stores, unstepping the top-masts, lifting out the guns, and in other ways doing as much as they can to make their vessel look like a derelict. If she is to go into C Division they bare the vessel down to her very bones. The decks are a confused mass of cables, gun gear, and miscellaneous stores. But in the last few days all this is cleared off.

The majority of readers will probably learn with surprise that officers do not get free accommodation aboard ship. A penny per day is charged them as rent for their cabins—or, rather, for the bedding in their bunk. In the old days each officer had to furnish his own bedding. Now the Admiralty supply this necessity and charge a cabin rent to recoup them for their outlay. Another thing is that although mess plate is supplied for the use of the officers in the wardroom, it is not, as one would suppose, given free. This plate, and the table linen also supplied, is of splendid quality. Every precaution—even to the application of chemical tests—is taken to insure that it comes up to the Admiralty standard. For the privilege of using this the wardroom officers have to pay pretty heavily. Often they purchase it outright and sell it by auction when the commission is ended.

The marine sent to serve aboard ship gets knife, fork, and spoon. Jack Tar gets nothing except a clasp knife—which he has to pay for—a tin platter—which he never uses—and the utensils used in the cook's galley. He buys his own knives, forks, and table utensils—or goes without them.

One of the first things Jack does upon arriving home is to "take up some slops," *i.e.* purchase new clothing to wear whilst on leave. Sailors claim the right to wear civilian clothing when off duty, if they choose, and "a suit of civvys" is one of the earliest things Jack invests in. Quite a big trade is done by some of the outfitters at naval ports in rigging out sailors who are about to pay-off.

Tradesmen are allowed to go aboard and

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exhibit their wares on the upper decks between the hours of twelve and one. We give an illustration showing the agent of a well-known outfitting firm pushing business in this way.

Unfortunately it is not only the honest traders who get this privilege. Dealers in imitation jewellery and other sharks are allowed aboard as well. They bleed Jack, but not to the extent they once did; for the modern tar is an educated, wide-awake fellow compared with the tar of only a few years back. Why allow sharks aboard, you ask? The reply to this is that if the ship is open to traders, you cannot make distinctions between the Gentile who takes photographs and sells "slops," and the Jew who sells watches that don't often go except when they are carried.

6-inch guns going back to the workshops.

Getting guns ashore.

Jack drawing his pay.

Buying "slops."

At last the long-looked-for day arrives upon which the ship actually pays off. Each man is given fourteen days' holiday for every year he has spent aboard. Jack gets together the remainder of his belongings and falls in on the upper deck. There the paymaster stands behind a table upon which the money due to the ship's company is piled. Each man's money is placed in a bag which bears the recipient's name and the amount due to him. On one side of the paymaster stands the captain of the ship, on the other an officer who has been deputed by the Port Admiral to watch the paying-off operations. When a man's name is called he steps up to the table, salutes, and holds out his hat. The paymaster deposits upon the crown of this (not inside it), the bag containing the money. Without touching this the man carries it (as shown in our illustration) to another table where the bag is picked up by an

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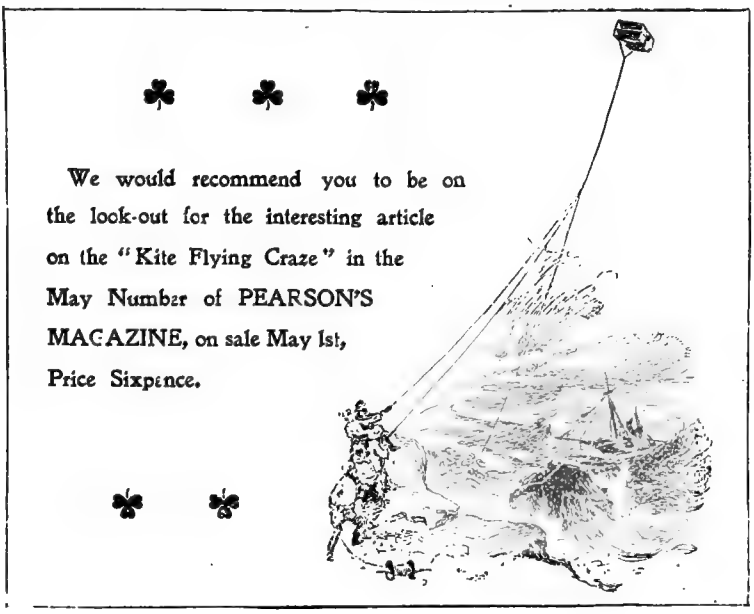
officer belonging to the executive branch, who turns out the contents and counts over the money in order to see that Jack has received all that is due to him.

After getting the money Jack receives from the master-at-arms a leave ticket, which gives him freedom for a certain number of days. He then falls in on the jetty alongside the ship, and gets his baggage passed by the Custom House officers. In each of our big dockyards a special staff is maintained by the customs, and these have a busy time, for Jack has a strong penchant for trying to get in Florida water and cigars free of duty. A year or two ago a submerged torpedo tube in one of our biggest battleships was found filled with choice weeds. There were many pounds' worth altogether. Smaller finds are frequent.

All gear on deck.

Custom House officers examining sailors' baggage.

Ships usually pay-off so that the pennant may be hauled down at nine a.m. After the crew have departed, a few sailors or marines are sent aboard to act as ship-keepers and look after the vessel generally. These find a great many things, often valuable ones, that have been forgotten by officers and men in their hurry to get home to see their friends again.



We would recommend you to be on the look-out for the interesting article on the "Kite Flying Craze" in the May Number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, on sale May 1st, Price Sixpence.

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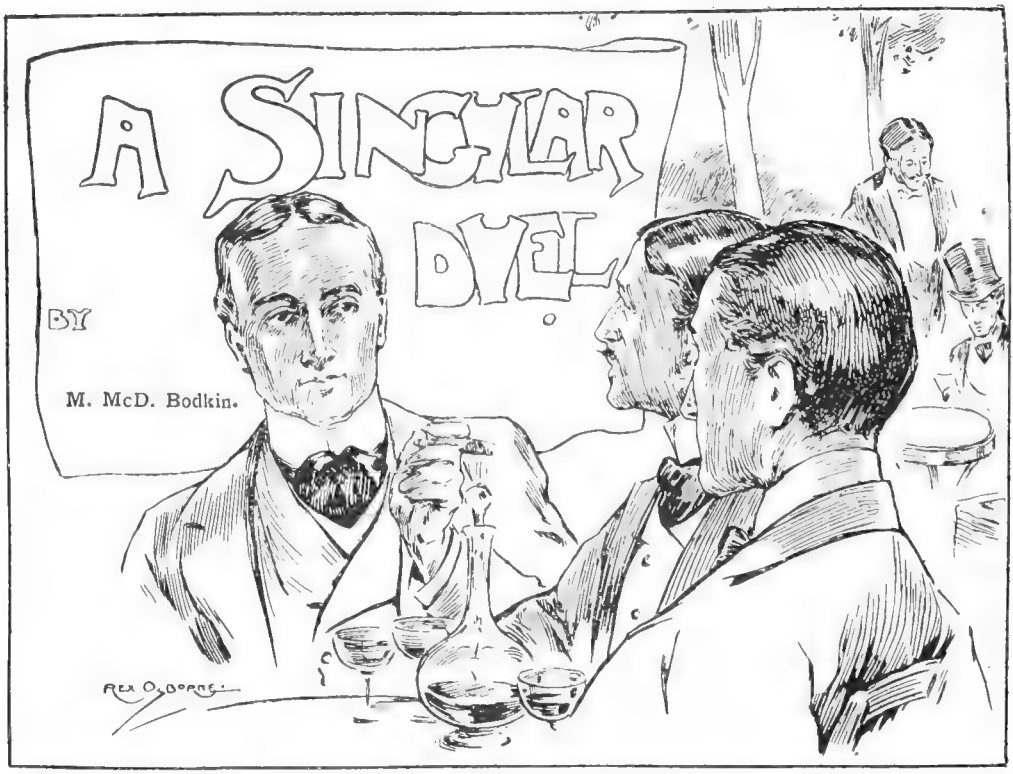

"HALLOA! Stanhope!"

"Halloa! O'Connor!"

We were buying Moorish cigarettes at a stall on the stationary platform when the great figure of Pat O'Connor went by us on the gliding Trottoir which was one of the most striking novelties of the great Paris Exhibition, moving at the rate of a good five miles an hour.

"Glad to see you, O'Connor," said Dick Stanhope. "Who'd have thought of meeting you here?"

"How are you, Stanhope? How are you, Tresham?" inquired the handsome, good-humoured Irish giant. "You are the very chaps I wanted to meet."

"What's up?"

"Oh! I cannot talk till I have something to eat."

"Come along to the German restaurant?" said Dick Stanhope. "We were going there. It has a subsidy from the Kaiser, and does the thing in style."

We found a seat in the open that looked out on the sparkling, swift-flowing Seine which had been ingeniously commandeered for the Exhibition.

O'Connor ate and drank with a Homeric appetite.

It was not till he found himself comfortably at the end of the *menu*, with a cigar between his teeth and a full bumper of Rhine wine at his elbow, that he would consent to tell his news.

"You knew that I was sweet on Nora Martyn?" he began.

"Everyone who knew you at all knew that you shouted it."

"Then you knew, too, that the old girl, Lady Martyn, didn't want it?"

"And the young girl did," said Dick.

"Quite so. Well, we've changed all that.

"The old lady wants it now, and the young lady doesn't?"

"Not likely, Nora is not the girl to go back on her word. But Lady Martyn loves me now—as a son. Always did, she says, though she managed to hide it pretty well. They are in Paris at this present moment. I crossed the Channel for the first time in my life to be near Nora. We are to be married in the autumn."

He puffed his cigar solemnly with big slow

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puffs like a steam engine, to give Dick time to digest his amazement.

"There is another thing I want to tell you."

"Yes?"

"It is not a serious thing like the marriage, you know. In fact I call it a bit of a joke." O'Connor chuckled at some comic remembrance.

"Well?" said Dick Stanhope. "Don't keep all the fun to yourself."

"I have got a duel on hand," laughed O'Connor, "and I want you to be my second if you will."

His news fetched Dick Stanhope's surprise this time. "A duel!" he cried. "Let me tell you that's no joke in this country, Pat."

"Easy," said Pat still laughing — "keep your hair on until you have the ins and outs of the story. It was this way." He told his story slowly between the puffs of his cigar. "We dined at the Exhibition last night, Nora, her ladyship, and myself. On our way home we strolled into the Lay Garden of something or another where there was some kind of a performance going on. I got three seats behind a row of little tables with white tops like bandboxes, and then I went off to look for a *garçon*. When I got back the whole row of seats behind the tables was filled. Perched in my own place was a little Frenchman with a waxed moustache three sizes too big for him, and all the time he twisted it he eyed Nora sideways as a canary eyes a lump of sugar.

"I told him it was my chair as politely as I could, and asked him to get out of it. He didn't seem to hear me. I spoke louder, but he only shrugged his shoulders and kept on twisting his moustache. So I stretched across and took him by the collar of the coat and lifted him clean over the table, glasses and all, and set him down softly on the ground. People noticed, of course; some laughed and some called out '*à bas les Anglais.*'

"The little Frenchman was as mad as a March hare. His face wrinkled up like a monkey's, and I could see the grin of his teeth through his black moustache. He raised the little cane he had in his hand as if to strike me. But all of a sudden he changed his mind. 'The ladies protect you,' he

I stretched across and took him by the collar of the coat and lifted him clean over the table.

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said. Then he took off his hat with a sweeping bow to Nora and walked off with his cane under his arm.

"I thought that was the end of the fun, but it wasn't by long odds. He must have followed us to the Hotel Terminus where we are staying. For when the ladies had gone to bed and I sat down in the open in front of the hotel to get a breath of air, there was my little Frenchman at the next table, twisting his moustache harder than ever. I took no notice of the little man, but caught a *garçon* for myself and told him to bring me a brandy and soda.

"He bustled away and came back in a minute with a little glass full of brandy.

"I took the thimbleful up between my fingers and thumb.

"'What do you call this?' I asked.

"'One glass of brandy.'

"'Do you call that a glass of brandy in this country?'

"'But yes, Monsieur.'

"'Begad,' I said, 'after that I'm not surprised the Germans beat you.'

"The words were not well out of my mouth when up jumps my little Frenchman at the next table and dances in front of me.

"'You have insult my country!' he shouted. 'You are von gross pig of an Englishman!'

"'I'm Irish as it happens,' I said. I could hardly keep from laughing at the cut of him.

"'It is the same thing, you are von Irish pig!'

"He lifted up his little cane again to strike me, but I caught it and took it from him. For a moment I was tempted to lay him across my knee and use it. But he was too small, so I snapped the cane in two instead and flung the bits away.

"'Go home, my little man,' I said, 'and have sense.'

"That made him madder than ever.

"'You are von big coward!' he said.

"I only laughed at him. There was no use being riled with a little chap of that kind.

"'My friend vill call on you,' he said. 'Here is my card!'

"Then for the first time I guessed what he was at, and to humour the joke I fished out a card of my own and handed it to him as grave as a mustard pot.

"The minute he got it he cooled down. He raised his hat and bowed as polite as you please, as though we were the best friends in the world. '*Merci, Monsieur,*' he said. 'We will meet again once more.'

"I was hardly up next morning when his friend Adolphus Lemartine—a tall lanky chap with a yellow face—called to arrange a duel. He spoke very decent English for a Frenchman and was quite chummy with me. I think he knew the whole thing was a joke, though he let on to take it seriously. 'If Monsieur will name a friend,' he said, 'I will not trouble him further.'

"'I'm a stranger here, old man,' I said; 'there are two or three chaps I know knocking about the Exhibition, but I will want a day or two to pick them up.'

"'It is very good,' he answered with a bow, 'I will call again the day after tomorrow if it will please Monsieur?'

"'It will please me first rate,' I said, and we shook hands and parted like old friends. I wasn't half-an-hour in the Exhibition when by the luck of the world I ran across you and Tresham."

Dick Stanhope didn't laugh as the story progressed, but the jolly simple-hearted Irishman was too absorbed in his own enjoyment to notice it.

"Do you happen to have that card about you?" Dick asked when the other had ceased speaking.

O'Connor searched, and at last discovered it crumpled up in his waistcoat pocket and handed it over.

Stanhope turned pale and set his teeth hard as he read the neatly lithograped name:—

"M. Victor du Revileau."

"This is no joke, O'Connor, I tell you," he said gravely. "This is a very dangerous man!"

"Nonsense! my dear fellow," O'Connor persisted, "you don't know what you are talking about. He's a little chap not up to my elbow."

"He is the most noted duellist in Paris. He has killed two men and wounded five in his time."

"Little French chaps like himself most likely. He won't kill or wound me, I promise you."

"Do you know anything about a duel?"

"My grandfather was out five times, and winged his man every time."

"Can you shoot at all, O'Connor—for Heaven's sake be serious."

"As straight as any man—with a double-barrelled gun."

"With a pistol?"

"Never touched a pistol butt in my life."

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"Du Revileau can hit the ace of hearts at thirty yards, I have seen him do it."

"Then we must try swords," O'Connor answered unconcernedly. "We have first call—haven't we?"

"Can you fence?"

"Oh! hang it, Dick, drop this catechism. I tell you again the little chap is not up to my elbow. I don't want to boast, but I could sling him over my shoulder like a puppy dog."

At that moment the lover's quick eye caught sight of two ladies coming slowly down between the shining river and the long row of the "Palaces of the Nations," and he bolted from his seat.

"Lady Martyn!" said O'Connor, "will you allow me to introduce Mr. Stanhope; Mr. Tresham, Lady Martyn. Nora"—in a lower tone—"this is my very special friend, Dick Stanhope, whom I told you about. He is to be best man."

Nora blushed as she gave Dick Stanhope her hand with a winning smile.

My turn came next, and I had a good look at her. She was worth looking at—a regular Irish beauty; dark blue eyes and jet black hair with a wave in it at the temples; a complexion pure as a wild rose leaf, and a smile that lit up her whole face:—

"Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
When it breaks into dimples and laughs at the sun."

Then we did the sights together. O'Connor naturally monopolised his sweetheart. Stanhope and myself did alternate duty turns with Lady Martyn.

All that day the lovers were brimful of delight at everything. Nora beamed and rippled with merriment, O'Connor worshipped her openly. But Dick Stanhope was glum as I had never seen him before, and I guessed the cause.

Just once a fragment of the gay talk of the pair in front floated back to us.

"To-morrow morning or the day after," O'Connor said, "I'll tell you all about it at breakfast."

"I'm sure it will be great fun," Nora answered gaily, "how I laughed when I saw you lift him out so nicely over the table. Oh! I wish I could be there to see!"

Then I heard Dick Stanhope growl under his breath a compromise between a curse and a groan.

A little after that we got clear of the party and strolled away together towards the main entrance.

"I couldn't stand it any longer, Jack," he explained; "it's the most comical tragedy the world has ever seen. Farce in the first act and tragedy in the last. If they meet, Victor du Revileau will kill him as sure as the sun

"Nora, this is my very special friend, Dick Stanhope, whom I told you about. He is to be best man."

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shines. He will have his sword through his heart before the big fellow can move a finger. In three days O'Connor—one of the best chaps that ever stepped—will be a six feet two clod of senseless clay, and Nora Martyn, who thinks the whole thing 'such fun,' 'who'd like to be there,' to see the amusing duel, will be crying her pretty eyes out over her dead lover's body. It drives me mad to think of it!"

"What can we do about it?" I asked, "get him to apologise?"

"You saw how he laughed at the bare notion. She'd laugh, too, if I had the courage to mention it to her. Neither of them will believe that so small a snake can have so venomous a sting. No, Tresham, I'm afraid I must fight the little beggar myself."

"Not Victor du Revileau!" I cried, "He'll kill you first and O'Connor afterwards!"

"I'm not so sure of that. You know I'm fond of this kind of sword and pistol, though I have never been out before. I know his form. I can fence pretty nearly as well as our friend Victor, and shoot I think a shade better, and I flatter myself my nerves are all right."

"Nerves!" I cried, "you haven't got such things, and as to shooting with anything from a cannon to a bow and arrow you can"—

He interrupted me with a sudden clap on the shoulder and an eager exclamation.

"I have it!" he cried.

"Have what?" I asked.

"You know that I'm a terror at archery meetings?"

"What's that to say to it?"

"Don't ask questions, little boy, you will know soon enough. I will tell you what to say and do when M. Victor du Revileau's friend calls on you. Come away home and let us have dinner at Margaray's restaurant. I've the deuce of an appetite. It is ten to one we will meet our friend Victor there. I know the animal's haunts."

As Dick anticipated, M. du Revileau came in to dinner at Margaray's a little after we began.

He finished first, and had his coffee and a cigarette in the open air. A moment afterwards Dick came out and took the next small table on the lee side of the little Frenchman. Presently Dick began to sniff ostentatiously, even offensively.

At the third sniff, M. du Revileau looked at him, and Dick seized the opportunity.

"Pardon me, Monsieur," he said, raising his hat with infinite politeness, "your cigarette incommodes me. Will Monsieur have the extreme goodness to move a little further on, or to try one of mine?"

He held out the open silver case with gold tipped cigarettes to the irate and astonished Frenchman.

"Monsieur is pleased to be impertinent," said du Revileau.

"Monsieur's manners seem no better than his cigarettes!"

"Does Monsieur desire to insult me?"

"If Monsieur so pleases."

"Will Monsieur have the great goodness to accept my card?"

"With a great deal of pleasure, and Monsieur will permit me to offer mine in return."

It all passed with the utmost politeness. With many smiles and bows and lifting of hats these two men arranged to kill each other if they could, because one of them didn't like the smell of the other's cigarette.

Next morning Adolphus Lamartine called upon me to arrange preliminaries.

He seemed a decent sort of fellow as O'Connor had said, and anxious to avoid bloodshed.

"Your friend, if you will pardon me for saying so, was a little hasty last night. Should he desire to apologise ——"

"My friend," I interposed, "will fight this duel to the death. He has, as you will surmise, other causes of quarrel with M. du Revileau."

M. Lamartine bowed again a little more stiffly than at first.

"There is no more to be said," he remarked very gravely. "You are the challenged; the choice of weapons is with you. You choose?"

I steadied my voice and face for a second before I answered quite as a matter of course, "We choose bows and arrows."

He looked at me for a moment in blank amazement. Then he gasped out the single word—"What!"

"I thought I spoke distinctly. We choose bows and arrows," I repeated.

"This is no time for jesting, Monsieur Tresham."

"Monsieur Lamartine, I do not jest I assure you."

"But this is ridiculous!"

"Monsieur, I have to remind you I am acting for my friend, and I am entitled to courtesy from you."

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"A thousand pardons, Monsieur. If I have offended, I meant it not. But Monsieur is not serious?"

"Quite serious, I assure you. It is, as you say, our right to choose. I have made our choice."

"But men do not fight with children's toys?"

"Your friend will find them no toys. If Monsieur persist I must seek some other reasons for his reluctance. Can it be that his countrymen have not forgotten the British bowmen at Cressy?"

The taunt told as Dick anticipated when he suggested it.

The Frenchman's sallow cheek flushed and his dark eyes glittered for a moment.

"We will fight first with the weapons you have chosen as is your right to choose, but afterwards—"

"For your friend," I said gravely, "I fear there will be no afterwards."

So with grim salutes our interview closed.

I had some difficulty in procuring the weapons I wanted in Paris. But I got them at last. Two large lancewood bows, a dozen gaily feathered sharp pointed arrows, and a pair of gaudily decorated quivers.

Never before was there so quiet a duel in the neighbourhood of Paris. Neither M. du Revileau nor his second were in the least degree anxious to give publicity to the affair. They dropped no hint in any quarter. There were no inquisitive pressmen, no excited spectators. We were a select party of four.

Dick Stanhope sent a second shaft straight and clean through the resounding hat.

Dick and I drove out to the quietest corner of the Bois de Bologne with our bows and arrows tucked away in the voiture.

Having dismissed the driver, we proceeded to the ground, where we were joined ten minutes later by M. du Revileau and his second. Their deadly seriousness added the final touch of absurdity to the business.

With corresponding gravity I offered M. Lamartine his choice of bows. We agreed that the distance was to be

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thirty yards. The Frenchmen had stipulated for an early meeting, and the sun was just flush with the horizon as we came upon the ground — a glorious summer morning with the promise of a glorious day.

We paced the distance and set our men so that neither faced the horizontal stream of dazzling sunlight that glorified the green woods and sward. Three shots apiece was agreed to, our men to fire simultaneously when Lamartine dropped his handkerchief.

As they took their places I whispered to M. Lamartine: "My friend is a master of the weapon, he will send his first and second arrows through your friend's hat, and the third through his heart."

Lamartine's lips tightened and his brow wrinkled, but he said nothing.

One! Two! Three! the white handkerchief fluttered to the ground. Twang! went the bows. The taut string struck M. du Revileau sharply on the wrist, his arrow fluttered sideways a few paces and dropped. The arrow from Dick Stanhope's bow sped swift and straight—a thin line of darkness through the sunshine. Thud! it struck the tall hat with a sound like the stroke of a drum, pierced it like paper, and dropped quivering in the sward forty yards away.

Lamartine started and turned sharply to me. "It is enough!" he said, "shots have been exchanged; honour is satisfied; we will take our men away?"

"Neither is touched," I answered as sharply. "My friend demands satisfaction; if it is refused he will proclaim M. du Revileau a coward through the streets of Paris."

"*Eh bien!*" he said with a shrug, "as you will; my friend has no fear."

M. du Revileau assuredly had no fear. He never winced nor changed colour a jot as he awkwardly fitted a second arrow to the string.

One! Two! Three!

This time M. du Revileau's arrow fled high into the air. Dick Stanhope sent a second shaft straight and clean through the resounding hat, not an inch from where the first had pierced.

At this M. Lamartine lost all control of himself. "This is murder," he cried impetuously, "it must be stopped!"

"Monsieur forgets himself," I answered gravely: "it is an affair of honour; it must proceed."

"But my friend knows nothing of the weapons you have chosen!"

"Does that matter? Your friend has an affair with M. O'Connor."

"We will meet him with pleasure."

"I am not so sure of that; there is yet a third arrow to be shot. M. O'Connor knows nothing of sword or pistol of which M. du Revileau is master."

"*Eh bien!*"

The quick-witted fellow saw my drift at once. "M. Stanhope," I said, "is the friend of M. O'Connor. If M. du Revileau will apologise to M. O'Connor, M. Stanhope will apologise to M. du Revileau, and both affairs are at an end."

"*Très bien!* I will try," he said, and he stepped across to his principal while I went over to Dick Stanhope.

The sturdy little Frenchman was hard to manage. We could see the two arguing and expostulating with shrugs and gesticulations and much waving of hands for a good five minutes before they made a move in our direction.

When they came up M. du Revileau was still looking sulky. But Lamartine whispered aside to me, "It is arranged," and I nudged Stanhope's elbow.

Instantly he raised his hat with a profound bow to his late opponent.

"Monsieur du Revileau," he said, "I have to offer you my sincerest apologies. Your cigarettes are most excellent."

The cloud vanished from the Frenchman's face. He smiled and bowed with consummate grace.

"Monsieur," he said, "does me too much honour. Will Monsieur have the goodness to convey my apologies with a profession of my profound regards to his friend M. O'Connor?"

As we walked off the ground Dick consummated the reconciliation. "Perhaps M. du Revileau," he said, "would have the goodness to oblige me with a cigarette?"

Later in the day we came across Pat O'Connor and Nora at the Exhibition. They had contrived to give Lady Martyn the slip.

Dick duly conveyed M. du Revileau's apologies and expressions of regret and regard.

"I'm glad," said O'Connor; "he was a plucky little chap and I shouldn't like to have to hurt him."

"I'm half sorry," laughed Nora—"it would have been such fun!"

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TABLE GOLF

By Stanley White.

The idea of adapting the great outdoor sports tc parlour use is growing apace, one of the most recent developments being Parlour Golf, a game which bids fair to become very popular indeed.

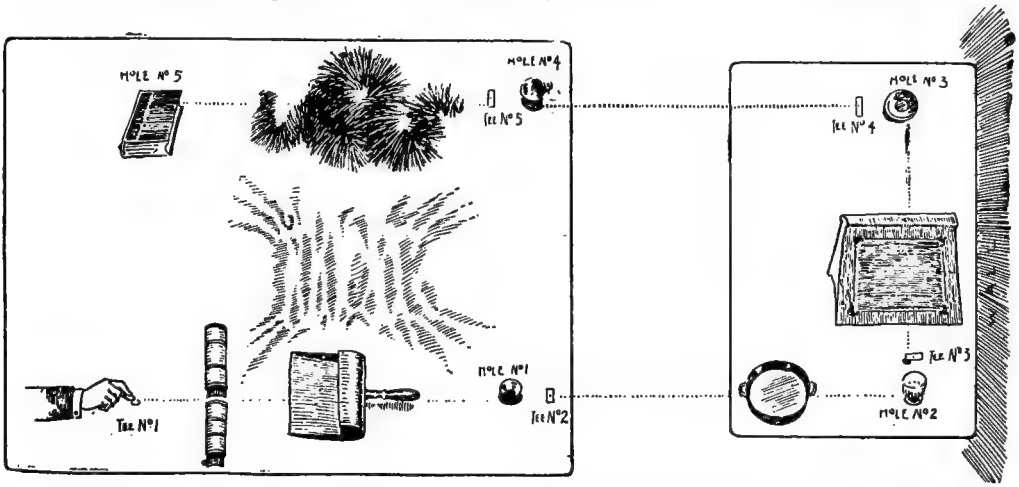
Parlour golf is a sort of hot-house variety of the great parent stock. It has this advantage, that the principle of the old game is preserved, though the means employed are necessarily varied. And it is in this elasticity of playing that one of the chief charms of the new game consists.

The player of that most exquisite of musical instruments, the violin, must make his own notes, while the parlour golfer very largely makes his own game. The results vary in both examples, with the skill and ingenuity of the players. No two people without previous consultation ever played parlour golf in exactly the same way. The beauty of the thing is that while following out a general idea, the mode of playing can be modified according to the conditions imposed by the surroundings; and in this it resembles real golf.

To begin with. a good sized table covered with a thick springy cloth is required. Instead of balls, which obviously would be impossible to manage in a room, counters are used in the same way as in that popular pastime, tiddley-winks.

The rules are practically the same as in golf except that if it be found confusing to keep count of all the little strokes, the better plan is to proceed as in croquet, playing your opponent stroke for stroke, and the man who gets round the links first wins.

For holes little cups are to be used, and to give variety they may differ in size, or a thick book laid flat on the table on to which the counter is flipped may serve as a hole. One of the most important points is, of course, the judicious placing of the obstacles, and in



A bird's-eye view of the links (the tops of two tables). No. 1—A drive through a cañon and over a sandy hollow (the dust pan). Nos. 2 and 4—Long shots needed to bridge the chasm, with the additional desirability of keeping out of the duck-pond in the first case. No. 5—Negotiating an acre of gorse (a lady's boa) for the last hole.

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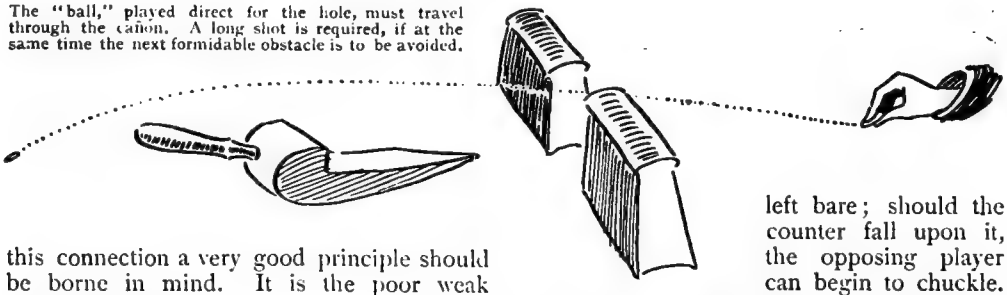


The "ball," played direct for the hole, must travel through the cañon. A long shot is required, if at the same time the next formidable obstacle is to be avoided.

this connection a very good principle should be borne in mind. It is the poor weak shots that must be penalised by pit-falls, not the good ones.

The first bunker it is suggested should be placed at such a distance from the "tee," that it requires a good shot to over-top it. A very good bunker is furnished by two books set up on end, leaving an opening between them, through which the drive must pass. This accomplished, the player should be in a position to "putt" for the first hole. The "putting," it will be gathered, does not, as in real golf, consist in rolling a ball into a hole, but in flipping a counter into a cup or on to a book.

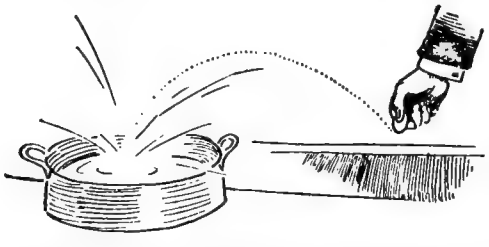
The most natural, and probably the most effective bunkers of all can be arranged by the extremely simple process of rucking up the cloth in parts, so that unless care is taken the "ball" becomes entangled and a stroke or more lost in retrieving.

Again, an excellent kind of hazard may be made on quite the reverse principle. As all readers who play "tiddley-winks" know, one can only get a good shot with the counter when it rests on a thick cloth. Taking advantage of this fact, it is suggested that the table at the sides or at any convenient spot be left bare; should the counter fall upon it, the opposing player can begin to chuckle.

No light penalty is the result of falling foul of the dust-pan.

Another very good plan is to play with two tables, one large and one small, leaving a considerable gap between, which can be widened as players become more expert. A "hole" is then located on the far table, and a very good drive is needed in order to cross the yawning chasm to reach it, and an equally good "stroke" on the return journey.

A good duck-pond may be improvised by a large saucer containing water. If the ball should happen to fall in it, don't attempt to play it out, that will only lead to trouble, take it out and lose a stroke. As in ordinary golf, the game may be played by several at once, either in partnership or all against all. It is often said, and with a certan amount of truth, that golf is a dull game for onlookers, and that only players can realise how intensely fascinating it can be. The indoor variety has an advantage over real golf in this respect. For the simple reason that the whole panorama of action can be taken in at a glance it is very interesting to follow, and the keen rivalry of players ensures plenty of healthy excitement.



There he goes, right in the duck-pond. That means the loss of a stroke. To attempt to play out would be absurd.

Neither does one have to walk half a mile to reach the next hole, though there is plenty of steady exercise round and about the "links" for all that. And what a boon to be relieved of that incubus the caddie, who ever follows closely on our heels in the open air game. One does not want his assistance to carry the one fat counter which is driver, brassie, cleek, and niblick all in one, according to the angle at which it is held in play.

There is considerable opportunity for skill, in the proper taking of the various strokes. For instance a very high bunker may have to

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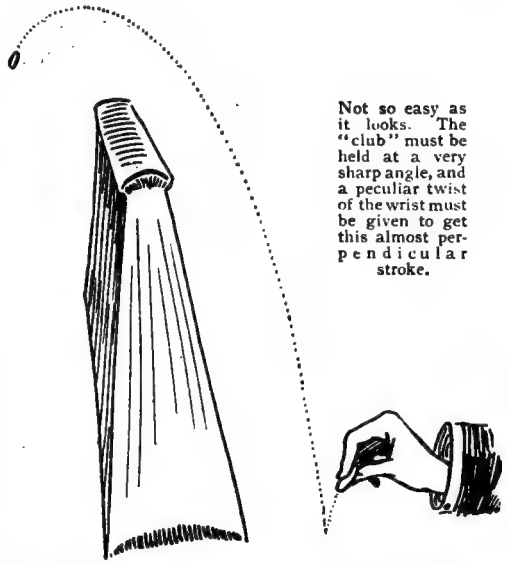
be negotiated, on the other side of which there are some "natural bunkers," on the rucked table-cloth system. Obviously the difficulty here lies in the attainment of two opposite ends. In other words, a high, yet long shot is required. If the counter be flipped too high it will fall short and be lost in the table-cloth folds, if too low it will not pass the book.

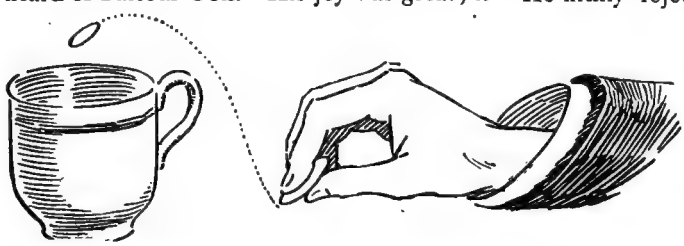
Players are kept within bounds by the necessity of confining the "ball" to the table, a stroke being forfeited when this rule is infringed. In this connection it is not a bad idea to locate one of the holes not far from the edge. Restraint as well as straight "approaching," will then need to be exercised.

The fault with beginners is that they generally attempt too elaborate a game at the first, and besides making themselves very hot and tired, and irritable, with their preparations, they provoke similar distressing symptoms in other members of the household. Take a case.



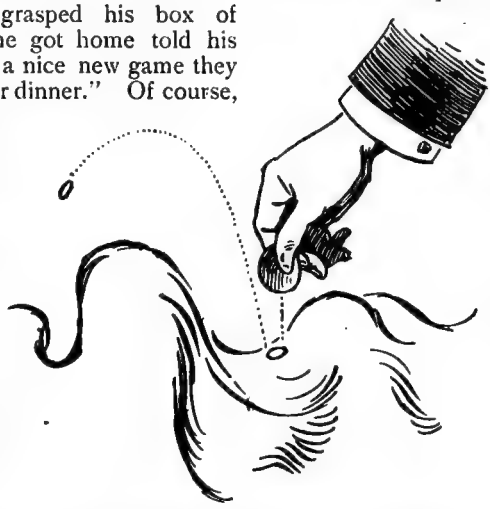
Not so easy as it looks. The "club" must be held at a very sharp angle, and a peculiar twist of the wrist must be given to get this almost perpendicular stroke.

A gentleman of the writer's acquaintance heard of Parlour Golf. His joy was great; it was to him as a Kimberley diamond. Not waiting to get more than a bare idea of the *modus operandi*, he grasped his box of counters, and when he got home told his admiring family "what a nice new game they were going to have after dinner." Of course, they were delighted, and sacrificed digestion in their eagerness to taste this new pleasure.



This is the "putting green," and this is where experience in tiddley-winks comes in.

Somehow this poor man had got it into his head that the only way to play parlour golf was on the floor. So, as that was not feasible in a room cramped with furniture, nothing would do but they must all come into the kitchen, which was comparatively clear, and wait while he collected a few necessary things. He firmly rejected all offers of assistance, insisting that the success of the whole thing depended upon the skill with which the materials were selected. Seeing that there was no carpet on the floor, the first thing he did was to rush upstairs and seize a bed covering, which he selected in preference to others, because it was thick and springy. It was a coincidence that it was one of the most expensive, and of light colour. He descended again to the scene of action, dragging it behind as he went, for his wife happened to be away at the time.



A scene of tribulation—very typical of what happens when one is foolish enough to get mixed up with "natural bunkers" or gorse.

Spreading it over the floor he next turned his attention to the scullery, where he gathered quite a nice assortment of dust-pans, dust-pan brushes, door-mats, stew-pans, a coal-scuttle, and a good deal more heavy war material of a similar kind. He then piled them in an unsightly heap in the presence of his astonished family, who,

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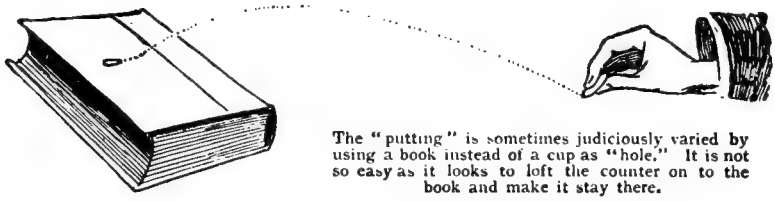
quite in the dark as to the principle guiding his strange actions, surmised that their father had suffered some cruel misfortune on 'Change, which had turned his brain.

They were, of course, greatly relieved, when he explained matters, to find their fears groundless, and it was perhaps the sudden reaction that enabled them to apply themselves with some measure of cheerfulness to their father's new game.

So under his direction they began to set up the obstacles; the coal scuttle for the first bunker, a deep and full vessel for a water jump, a dust-pan turned inwards for another bunker, and coats flung about at random for sandy patches. Then they all got down on their knees, and as there was a big fire in the powerful range they grew rather warm. But that only made it more like golf as played on a hot summer's day, minus the refreshing sea breeze.

Then someone got his counter into the deep water vessel, and, instead of losing a stroke, tried to play it out, with the result that a very fine, natural water-course was soon wending its way over the "links."

People who begin a game in this way are apt to get discouraged, and to blame the sport for what is really due to their own inexperience. The latitude of indoor golf is so wide that there is no reason why a good game should not be played on the floor, but the kitchen variety, as described above, is not recommended.



The "putting" is sometimes judiciously varied by using a book instead of a cup as "hole." It is not so easy as it looks to loft the counter on to the book and make it stay there.

A DEAD LOVE.

I.

Her name was Clementina Jane
  Melissa Ann Eurydice,
I ne'er shall see her like again,
  I worshipped her so fervently.

II.

Her hair was gold, her eyes were blue,
  Her cheeks defied the reddest rose,
Her lips had borrowed all the hue
  That peony or poppy knows.

III.

The protestations of my love
  Fell on her ears unheedingly,
I longed to find some way to prove
  If she had any love for me.

IV.

Alas! She sits before me here,
  She has no hair upon her head,
The eyes that once I held so dear
  Are dim and lustreless as lead.

Her frock is torn, her battered face
  To pristine charms but gives the lie,
And yet she held the chiefest place
  Of all my dolls. Dear heart, good-bye!

PHILIP HEMERY.

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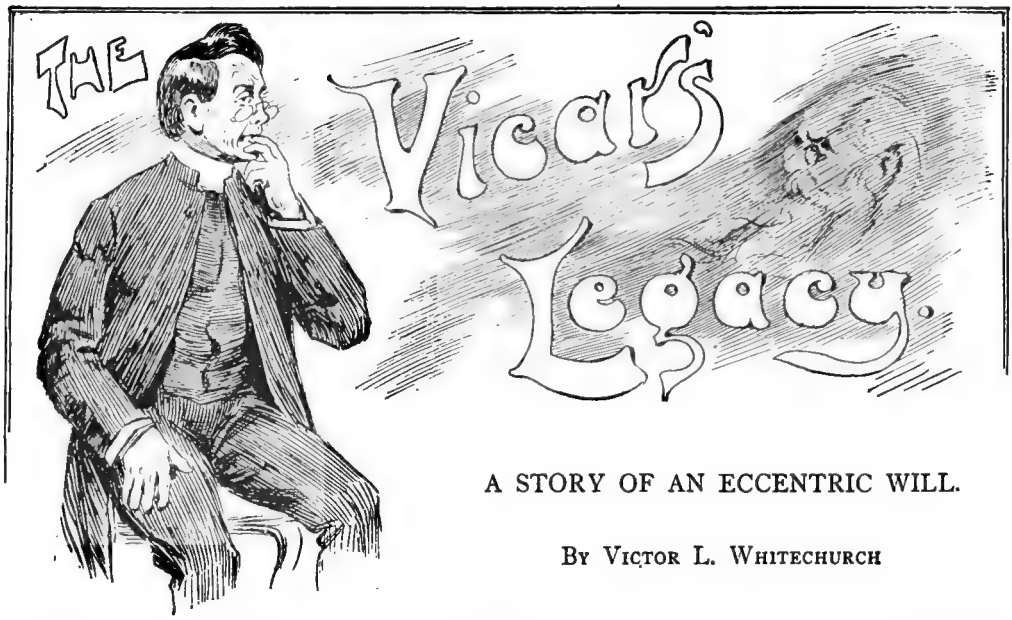

A STORY OF AN ECCENTRIC WILL.

By Victor L. Whitechurch

The Rev. Leslie Mortimer sat in solitary state and in equally solitary despair in his study. Before him, on his table, were strewn various papers and account books, all of them dealing with the mystic letters — L. S. D. If the problem, which was agitating his brain concerning these letters, could have been put into the language of a proposition of Euclid, it might have run thus :—

"If L. S. D. represent three very minute points, it is impossible to construct a square out of them."

That was just it. It was impossible to get things "square." Which was absurd. Which was also very distressing.

It was the burden of his large parish that was weighing so heavily upon him. Schools, clothing club, blanket society, organ fund, choir fund, alms fund—from one to the other did he turn, only to find the same story written in each—to wit that the supply was many degrees less than the demand.

St. Margaret's, Dullminster, was a large parish and a poor one withal.

Leslie Mortimer had accepted it some three years previously, being strongly urged thereto by the Bishop, although he had great misgivings at heart.

He was a meek, inoffensive, hardworking, little man. All his thoughts and all his efforts were bound up in his parish.

He lived on next to nothing in order to give up something of his scanty income to the devouring element. He begged morning, noon, and night for money, but try as he would, things continued to look uglier and uglier.

"It wants quite five hundred a year to do it on," he murmured sadly, "and I've drained every source I can think of. I don't know what's to be the end of it, I'm sure."

Just at that moment the servant entered with a batch of letters. The Vicar sighed as he took them off the tray. The post generally meant only fresh worries.

As he glanced through them his eye fell on a letter directed in a stiff, legal handwriting, with the post-mark of Brayford on it.

"Brayford," he soliloquised, "why that's where my uncle and aunt live. Ah me, I wish I had some of the dear lady's money, but it's no use asking her. She's always refused me. This isn't her writing, though—nor is it uncle's, so far as I remember—well, let's see."

He tore open the letter and read as follows :—

17, High Street,
Brayford.

Dear Sir,

It is our painful duty to inform you that your aunt, Mrs. Craig, of "The Elms," Brayford, died yesterday, after a short illness. The funeral is to take place on Thursday, and your uncle, Mr. Benjamin Mortimer, would be glad for you to be

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present. For other reasons, also it is desirable that you should attend, as there are sundry important business matters to be gone into.

Assuring you of our sympathy,

We remain,

Dear Sir,

Your obedient servants,

FOSTER & GIBBS,

Solicitors.

The Rev. Leslie Mortimer,
St. Margaret's Vicarage,
Dullminster.

The Vicar laid down the letter.

"Dear me," he said. "I'm sorry, exceedingly sorry, though it's some years since I've seen her. And poor Uncle Benjamin, how deeply he will feel her loss. They were so devoted to each other. Why, they've lived together now for seventeen years—ever since she became a widow and inherited her husband's fortune. I suppose she'll leave it all to him, for she has no children. Ah me, she could easily have spared a trifle for our schools! . . . Perhaps she has. The lawyers say there are business matters to be gone into—and yet I fail to see how that concerns me. Let me see . . . dear, dear—the return fare to Brayford is thirty-eight shillings . . . and I shall have to get a new hat. I must go, I suppose—but it's a terrible expense—Yes? Come in!"

"Miss Hemming to see you, sir."

Miss Selina Hemming was one of the most devoted admirers of the Vicar, and the leader of the small coterie who provided a limited congregation for the daily services.

During the reign of the late Vicar, who was a married man with a family, Miss Hemming had not attached such a particular importance to her religious duties, and had even been known to give afternoon teas on Sundays. But the advent of the "dear Vicar" changed all this, and the good lady plunged headlong into the whirl of ecclesiastical observances and inhaled parochial atmosphere with a truly feminine fervour.

She taught in the Sunday School, she visited a district, she revelled in mother's meetings, soup kitchens, and temperance teas became a perfect heaven to her, and the Rev. Leslie Mortimer's photograph in his surplice and a stole which *she* had worked "for the Church," stood on a little table in her bedroom and had a fresh bunch of flowers before it frequently.

The Vicar, unsuspecting man, thought it was all done for the love of the parish. The rest of Dullminster waited for the banns to be published, some with amusement, others, of the female persuasion, with a jealousy that designated Selina Hemming as "a designing vixen."

She was a tall, angular woman of some fifty summers, who went about the parish with a heavenly smile that was meant to show the joy of ecclesiasticism, but which had the effect of displaying sundry wrinkles that were more the result of age. She wore pince-nez and invariably carried a parish magazine and a book of relief tickets.

She had come on this particular afternoon to consult the Vicar about a "case." There were many "cases" she felt bound to consult him about, and in his guileless mind she was "Dorcas" personified. But then he did not know how easily her prayer book opened at the Marriage Service!

When she had finished, he told her about the news he had received. She was all sympathy in a moment.

"Poor Vicar! I'm *so* sorry. You have troubles enough in the parish, I'm sure, without other worries."

"Yes, it *is* sad."

"And, of course, you feel it more being alone, with no one to talk over your troubles with you."

"Oh, I don't mind."

"Ah, you are so *strong* in your grief. What a great thing it is to be strong. Well, I hope there may be good out of evil."

"What do you mean?"

"That your aunt has remembered you substantially."

"I don't think that for an instant, Miss Hemming, she was utterly devoted to her brother. Poor Uncle! How he will miss her!"

As Selina Hemming sallied forth into the parish, a beauteous dream took possession of her. She saw herself the "Vicaress" of St. Margaret's, and Leslie Mortimer, a rich man, into the bargain.

"Oh, I *hope* it may be so," she sighed.

As for the Rev. Leslie Mortimer, a dream wandered through his brain also. He thought of receipted accounts, a new organ and larger schools—in fact, the flourishing of every parochial institution—with the exception of Selina Hemming, and, strangely enough, she did not figure in his dream at all.

"Oh, I *wish* it might be so," he murmured.

* * * *

"There can be no doubt about it at all," said Mr. Foster, the senior partner of the firm of Foster and Gibbs, "it certainly struck us

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as being a most extraordinary will when we drew it up for Mrs. Craig, but she insisted upon it strongly. Her income was about £1100 a year. You will receive the whole of this amount from us, the trustees, on the sole condition that you allow your uncle, Mr. Benjamin Mortimer, to live with you, 'giving him,' so says the will, 'full liberty to pursue his scientific researches and experiments in whatsoever manner he pleases, seeing that he is clothed decently and fed regularly, and is kept supplied with a reasonable amount of cash should he desire it.' And further, if from any cause on your part, your uncle should be forced to leave you, the entire principal of the estate is to be paid over to him, while, on the other hand, if he leaves of his own free will, he is to receive £200 a year for life, and in case of his death, the whole property reverts to you."

"Ah, you are so strong in your grief. What a great thing it is to be strong."

"But whatever possessed my aunt to make such an eccentric will?" asked the astonished Vicar.

The lawyer smiled.

"Out of regard to your uncle, partly," he answered. "He is a man who knows nothing of the world and gives his whole time to a rather dangerous scientific research. If he lived alone he would have no idea of managing for himself, but would neglect everything except his experiments. His sister wished him to have a comfortable home and to be well taken care of. That is why she has bound the money over in this strange manner."

"But what if he objects?" pleaded the other.

Again Mr. Foster smiled.

"I think he'll only be too glad," he said, 'but we'll ask him about it at once."

The two men left the room in Mrs. Craig's house where they had been discussing her affairs after the funeral, and stepped through the French windows on to the lawn. At the bottom of the garden was a corrugated iron building, to which they proceeded.

"Take care!" cried a voice as they opened the door, "don't shake anything whatever you do. I'm experimenting with iodide of nitrogen, and it's rather a peculiar subject."

Mr. Benjamin Mortimer was a benevolent looking old gentleman of some sixty summers, clad at that moment in the best black broadcloth suit he had been wearing at his sister's funeral. His white, thin hair, flowed gracefully over his neck, his beard was patriarchal in the extreme, and his soft, dreamy blue eyes might have been taken for those of a gentle, optimistic philosopher.

"I was obliged to leave you to settle the business by yourself," he went on. "This stuff wouldn't wait."

"I have been explaining to your nephew—" began Mr. Foster.

"I know, I know," interrupted the old gentleman, "it will be all right, Leslie. Poor dear Emily has arranged that I am to go and live with you, and you are to keep her money in trust for me, or something of that sort—it

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loesn't very much matter. I am too busy to worry about money. I must finish this little experiment to-morrow and I'll come to you the next day."

"But really, Uncle, are you sure you——"

"Pooh, pooh. It's all settled, isn't it? Poor dear Emily said you'd be very glad to have me, she was sure, and I never knew her make a mistake. Is there a large garden to your house, Leslie?"

"A fairly large one, but—"

"That's a comfort. I shall want to put up a laboratory in it, as far away from the house as possible. It's safer, you know."

"Safer?"

"Of course. I am engaged in a series of investigations on the nature and properties of modern high explosives, and am developing several new features. An interesting study, Leslie. Just at the present moment I am inventing a water gun which will discharge a projectile by means of concentrated acetylene gas fired by an electric spark. I have already perfected the projectile," he went on, taking up a small shell and handing it to the Vicar, who received it mechanically. "Now that isn't very large, is it? But I assure you, if you were even to drop it on the floor, all three of us would be annihilated."

The Rev. Leslie Mortimer gasped in horror and placed the little shell down on the table as if it had been an egg. Mr. Foster retreated a step or two, laying his hand inadvertently as he did so on a scrap of black, pasty-looking substance that was drying on a sheet of glass.

"Crack—fizzle—splutter," a wisp of violet coloured smoke, and the lawyer rubbed his hand as if in pain.

"Dear, dear! I told you to be careful," cried Mr. Benjamin Mortimer. "Iodide of nitrogen explodes on the slightest touch. And *doesn't* it sting, too, Mr. Foster?"

The Vicar felt himself distracted with conflicting inward emotions as he returned to Dullminster the next day. Further conversation with his eccentric uncle disclosed the fact that this particular part of his aunt's legacy was a terrible one for a meek and inoffensive parish priest to have in his house, and once or twice he nearly made up his mind to abandon the whole thing.

But when he entered his study, and found himself confronted with those ominous parish accounts, he braced himself together.

"Even St. Paul had a thorn in the flesh," he murmured, as he gave directions for a room to be got ready for his uncle.

The latter was duly installed at the Vicarage, and in the course of a few weeks had erected his laboratory and transported all his apparatus to it.

Then the thorn in the Vicar's flesh began to assert itself. It was bad enough to have to penetrate that terrible laboratory and drag his uncle in to every meal, it was painful enough to meet him wandering hatless and umbrella-less, clad in a violet dressing gown in the pouring rain down the town one morning, whither he had strayed to purchase some drug at a chemist's, but these and similar trying little eccentricities were a mere nothing in comparison with his awful hobby.

This mild old gentleman revelled in explosives. To hear him talk one would imagine that the wholesale destruction of human beings was the acme of Paradise. Besides which, the Vicar was in continual dread of the experiments that were conducted within the laboratory—and sometimes without it.

For example, one Friday evening in Lent, when the Vicar had been preaching to his flock on the Pillar of Fire in the Wilderness, he was strolling home across the lawn, thinking of his subject, when suddenly, within a few yards of him, there was a sharp explosion, and a volume of flame streamed upwards from the ground and continued to blaze in dazzling brightness for at least a couple of minutes.

The Rev. Leslie Mortimer stood horror-struck and aghast when his uncle came running up.

"Capital!" said the old gentleman, rubbing his hands. "Hullo, is that you Leslie? This is a grand success."

"What—what *is* it?" gasped the Vicar.

"A new idea of mine—on an exceedingly minute scale, of course. A dynamite mine in connection with a composition resembling the nature of the old Greek Fire. It would take the form of a gigantic mine, laid where troops would pass over it. On touching an electric button miles away, not only would a terrific explosion take place, but a volume of fire would rise from the ground sufficient to consume a small army. I shall communicate with the Government to-morrow. If they adopt it, it will mark a new era in the development of civilisation!"

"Civilisation!" screamed the Vicar.

"Yes—civilised warfare, I mean. Its action would be both effectual and humane."

That evening the Vicar had serious thoughts of resigning his legacy. But when he turned to his Organ Fund account, and

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found that £200 would square it, he sighed in resignation, sent for his uncle to come in to supper, and listened to him patiently as he described what would be the effects of his new invention in the event of a European war.

"Which Heaven forbid!" said the poor Vicar.

"I don't know," replied the old scientist thoughtfully, "it would be exceedingly full of interest. We should learn much!"

Of course there were many conjectures among the parishioners concerning the exact position which Mr. Benjamin Mortimer occupied at the Vicarage. Miss Selina Hemming was especially eager to know. She had sounded the Vicar carefully upon the subject.

"How good of you to give a home to your poor uncle," she had said.

"Well," he replied, with a sigh, "I couldn't exactly help it."

"Ah! I suppose your dear aunt has been generous to you? I hope, for your own sake, you are her heir."

"Well," said the guileless Vicar, who had had his nerves more than usually upset that morning, and was thinking if the legacy were worth the trouble, "I can't say I am. It depends on my uncle. The fact of his living with me makes a difference, but one cannot tell how things may turn out."

Now Selina Hemming pondered much to herself over this, and the immediate consequence was that a strange dearth of fresh flowers before the Vicar's portrait evinced itself, while the weather suddenly proved too uncertain for her to attend the early morning services so regularly as had been her wont.

Also, she managed to prevail upon Mr. Benjamin Mortimer to show her his laboratory, and displayed a sudden and bloodthirsty interest in explosives that was unnatural in a

It was painful enough to meet him wandering hatless and umbrella-less.

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spinster, but which hugely delighted the old gentleman.

"It must cost you a great deal to work out your experiments, Mr. Mortimer," she said at parting, "but there! I suppose you have plenty of money to spare."

"Plenty of money," he replied briskly, "as much as ever I want. Poor dear Emily thought of everything—even my home here."

From which Selina Hemming put two and two together and removed the Vicar's portrait into the spare room.

Now Miss Hemming was the fond possessor of an exceedingly ugly little terrier named Spot, which frequently accompanied her on her walks abroad. One afternoon she had come to the Vicarage to attend a District Visitor's Meeting, and had left her dog, according to her wont, in the garden outside.

Towards the close of the meeting an explosion took place in the vicinity of the Vicarage, and the Rev. Leslie Mortimer had to explain that it was a little experiment on the part of his avuncular relative and nothing really to be alarmed at. When the meeting was over, Selina Hemming could not find her dog.

In vain she cried for him all over the garden. In vain were the domestics questioned. Not a trace of him could be seen, and she departed to her home disconsolate, in the hope that he might have returned alone.

When Mr. Benjamin Mortimer came in to tea, he was in an exceedingly good humour.

"Did you hear a little report this afternoon, Leslie?" he asked.

"I *did!*" replied the Vicar.

"It was a most satisfactory experiment. You know that new explosive based on picric acid I've been evolving lately?"

His nephew nodded his head wearily.

"You know I said it would completely destroy any human being within a couple of yards of the explosion?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've proved that it *will!*"

"Gracious Heavens," shrieked the unhappy Vicar, starting from his seat, "you don't mean to tell me you've been committing murder?"

"No, no," laughed the old man, "but I found a dog."

"A *dog?*"

"Yes—a wretched little cur trespassing in your garden. So I tied him up to a post and discharged a very small cartridge near him."

"Has that dog got a black spot on its back?" gasped the Vicar.

"It *had*," replied his uncle cheerily, "but the explosion destroyed every trace of the spot *and the dog too!*"

Then the Vicar explained the awful crime that had been committed.

"You'll have to call on Miss Hemming and apologise," he said, his lower lip dropping in horror.

"Well," said his uncle, "perhaps I'd better. I'll go after tea. I don't think she ought to mind a bit though. It was done in the interests of science."

After tea he put on his hat and went out. In the course of a couple of hours he returned.

"Well?" queried the Vicar anxiously.

"It's all right, Leslie. I *said* she wouldn't mind. She was a bit upset at first, but when I explained matters, she soon came round. She's a remarkably sensible person, Leslie—with a decided scientific leaning. I rather like her."

The Vicar marvelled. But then he knew not the workings of the feminine mind. Selina Hemming had digested the preacher's text that "a living dog is better than a dead lion," and had compared a dead dog with a living husband—plus a fortune.

So frequently did she contrive to meet Mr. Benjamin Mortimer after this, so interested was she in his experiments, that two months afterwards the Vicar received the astounding intelligence that his uncle had quietly procured a marriage license and that he was to perform the ceremony the following Tuesday.

"But but—" said the Vicar, when his astonishment allowed him to speak, "you can't live here. I *couldn't* have a lady living in the house."

"Oh, that's all right, Leslie, Selina has taken a house for us somewhere in Surrey. We shall travel for a month, you know. *I* didn't want to, but she says one must, and I shall give in to her just this once."

"But what about your affairs?"

"You must write to Mr. Foster and tell him. I shall have plenty—with Selina's money."

"I didn't know she had any."

"Oh, she must have. She impressed upon me that she is marrying me for love—and science, you know."

"And how about the laboratory?"

"Oh, we must have that sent on, I suppose."

Dullminster was astounded. Selina Hemming was triumphant. The Vicar was bewildered.

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"Gracious Heavens!" shrieked the unhappy Vicar, starting from his seat, "you don't mean to tell me you've been committing murder?"

He went to see Mr. Foster immediately afterwards.

"As your uncle is leaving of his own free will," said the lawyer, "of course, the property is yours—minus the small annuity to him. Does the bride know of this?"

"I cannot tell."

"What sort of a person is she?"

"Most good and exemplary. A spinster of middle age, but generally fairly shrewd."

"Mr. Mortimer," said the lawyer, "depend upon it they've both made a mistake."

* * * *

It was a year after this that the Rev. Leslie Mortimer paid a visit to his uncle and the latter's wife. He noticed that his new aunt looked more angular than ever, while there was a chastened expression on his uncle's face that was new to him.

"And how are the explosives getting on, uncle?" he asked after dinner when Mrs. Mortimer had retired to the drawing-room.

The old gentleman shook his head.

"I've given them up," he said. "*She* stopped it. The only explosions we have now take place indoors. Your aunt is a well-meaning woman, and we get on very well in a way—but—but—do you know, Leslie, I *sometimes* wish I'd made my picric acid experiment on a human being after all, instead of a dog."

"Good gracious!" ejaculated the Vicar.

"And," he added grimly, "that that same human being had been the owner of the dog!"

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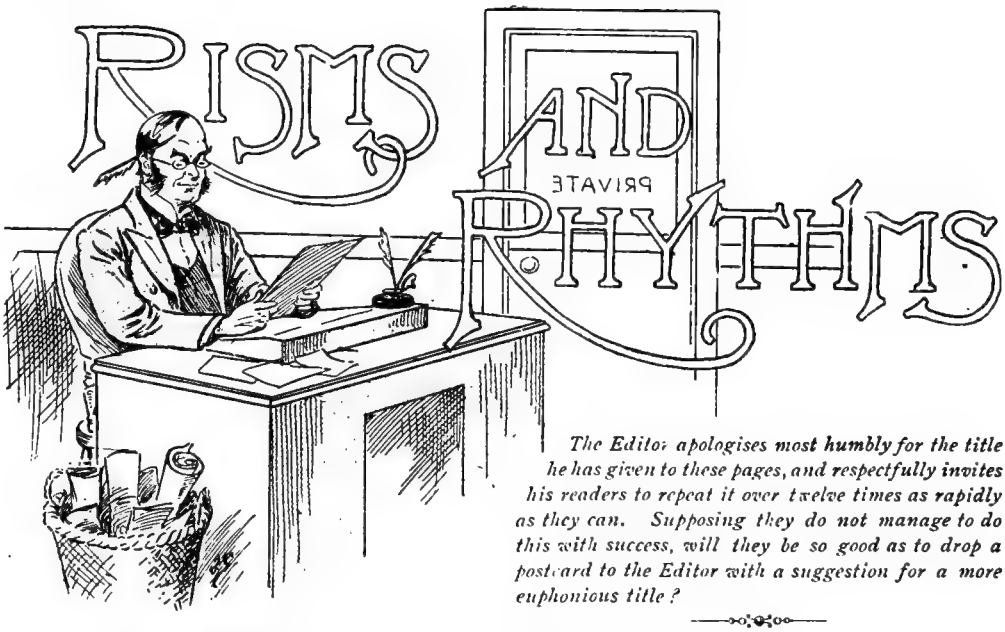

The Editor apologises most humbly for the title he has given to these pages, and respectfully invites his readers to repeat it over twelve times as rapidly as they can. Supposing they do not manage to do this with success, will they be so good as to drop a postcard to the Editor with a suggestion for a more euphonious title?

THE GOSSIPING GIRL.

Oh, the gossiping girl, with the artless smile,
Is a pleasant sight to see,
As she talks of her neighbour's faults meanwhile,
With a savour of charity.

"You haven't heard!" she exclaims with a sigh.
"Oh, yes; it is really true.
I'm sure no one's more surprised than I—
She was such a fine girl, too!"

Oh, the gossiping girl is an innocent thing,
And she has for us all a charm,
With her tongue that carries its deadly sting,
For she never means any harm.

I once knew a fellow, the best of men,
Whom I counted my life-long friend;
But he married a gossiping girl, and then
Our friendship came to an end.

* * * * *

No Hurry.

She: "What are you doing?"
He: "Squeezing your hand."
She: "Squeezing my hand?"
He: "Yes."
She: "With what?"
He: "With my hand."
She: "With which hand?"
He: "With my right hand."
She: "Oh, you must stop at once, it's dreadfully improper."

* * * * *

"Before I began this story," said young Mr. Graffik to his friend, "I opened a small bottle."

"Of '47 port?" asked his friend.

"Of ink," replied the writer.

Stern Party: "Well, sir, I don't know that I am particularly desirous of becoming your father-in-law, young man."

Cholly Seeke: "Er-eh-I n-ne-never thought of that. You w-wo-would-b-be my father-in-law, wouldn't you? I g-guess we'll l-let the-er-m-matter drop; g-good-d-d-day."

* * * * *

"Mother," said a little girl who was trying to master a pair of tight boots, "it's no use, I can't wear them. My toes can't get a chance to breathe."

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THE DAY WAS HOT.

1. The day was hot and Hodge, on sport intent,
With rod and children to the river went.

2, The day was hot and Hodge began to nod,
Holding his children and his fishing-rod.

3. The day was hot and Hodge, in restless sleep,
Plunged from the bank into the river deep.

4. And walking home, he wished that he had not
Gone out to fish, although—the day was hot!

Google

The Rattling Window.

Now is the time of year when your bedroom window persists in rattling in the wind. Do not fancy that you can do anything that will prevent a window from rattling, when once it has made up its mind to rattle. You may

get up, and jam scissors, hairpins, matches, and combs between the sash and the casing, but as soon as you are once more comfortably settled in bed, the window will recommence its rattling.

The crack between the casing and the sash is an insatiable gulf that will swallow up anything that may be thrust into it. Whatever is so used will probably prevent the window from ever being opened again, but it will be permanently lost to its owner, and will have no effect in compelling the sash to remain quiet.

I knew of a man who, after having used up every small object in his bedroom on a refractory window, finally packed into the yawning crevice the whole of his wife's costume for the day, forcing it in with the aid of a hammer and a screw-driver. It was all in vain. The window kept him awake all night, and in the morning, when his wife began to search for her missing property, he found that it had totally disappeared, and even the removal of the window-sash failed to bring it to light. The only thing to do with a rattling window is to remove the entire sash and nail up a blanket in its place. This is effectual, but it exposes one to the remarks of one's neighbours, who invariably associate missing window sashes and panes of glass with gross and confirmed intemperance.

* * * * *

"Can your friend play the piano?"
"No, confound him, but he does."

* * * * *

Accepted.

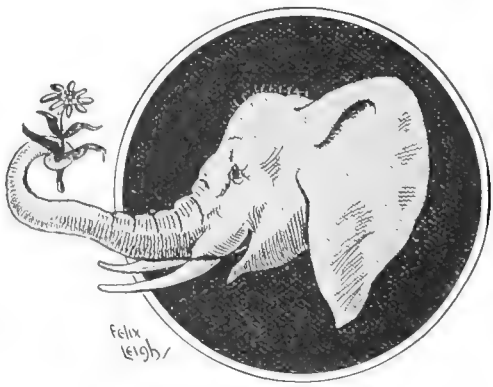
The ancient knight leaned lightly upon his lance.

"Marry–

The modern maid was on his neck in an instant.

"Oh, Roderick," she cried, "this is so sudden!"

* * * * *



Old Jumbo in this picture
Has a trouble—shall we tell it?
He's picked a blossom with his trunk—
But how is he to smell it?

* * * * *

The man who has placed himself in line with the rising sun of politics is apt to think himself as big as his own shadow.

* * * * *

JUST SO.

"Man wants but little here below,"
And is not hard to please;
But every woman that I know
Wants everything she sees.

* * * * *

Clara: "Would you accept an apology?"
Mamie: "Yes, anything, if it only looked like a man."

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FOUND IN A VISITOR'S BOOK.

One of the honoured institutions for the tourist's resort is the visitor's book, which serves as an outlet for the exuberant spirits of the holiday-making guest, and furnishes the means of whiling away half-an-hour when the weather is unkindly. The principal themes that are dealt with in the visitor's book are the weather and the delights of the table.

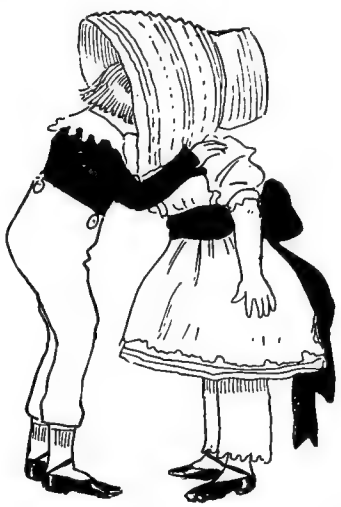
The first is a fruitful source of inspiration. One needs to be a humourist in a climate like ours, though truly, it is bad enough to be so. Some of the stanzas on the weather are decidedly libellous, and indicate that the writer has had a lot to put up with.

The following, which appears in the visitor's book of an hotel at Bala, may be taken as a sample:

The weather depends on the moon as a rule,
And I've found that the saying is true;
For at Bala it rains when the moon's at the full,
And it rains when the moon's at the new.

When the moon's at the quarter then down comes the rain,
At the half it's no better, I ween;
When the moon's at three-quarters it's at it again,
And it rains besides mostly between.

* * * * *



AND SHE TURNED THE OTHER CHEEK.

"I like your cheek," said the indignant maiden to the youth who kissed her.

"And I like yours," said he, as he kissed her again.

* * * * *

HOW THOSE GIRLS LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

ONE: "There is no fun in being engaged."

OTHER: "Who in the world told you that?"

BROBSON: "Your calling me an ass doesn't make me one!"

CRAIG: "Of course not. It merely indicates the accuracy of my observation."

* * * * *

THREE BENEDICTIONS AND A CURSE.

Now praises be to him who first
Invented lager beer,
The cooling draught that quenches thirst
When summer heat is here.

And praises be to him (alas,
Now in his endless sleep!)
The man who first conceived a glass
Ten mammoth inches deep!

And praises be to him to whom
All lofty praise is due:
The man who was the first to sell
That glass for pennies two.

But curses be on that vile gnome,
That wretch without a peer,
Who first drew inches nine of foam
On one small inch of beer!

* * * * *

A WARLIKE BROWNIE.

Quoth a Brownie, "This rush is my rifle;
With a *soldier* folks won't dare to trifle!"
Two fieldmice who had heard
His remark cried, "Absurd!"
But they managed their laughter to stifle.

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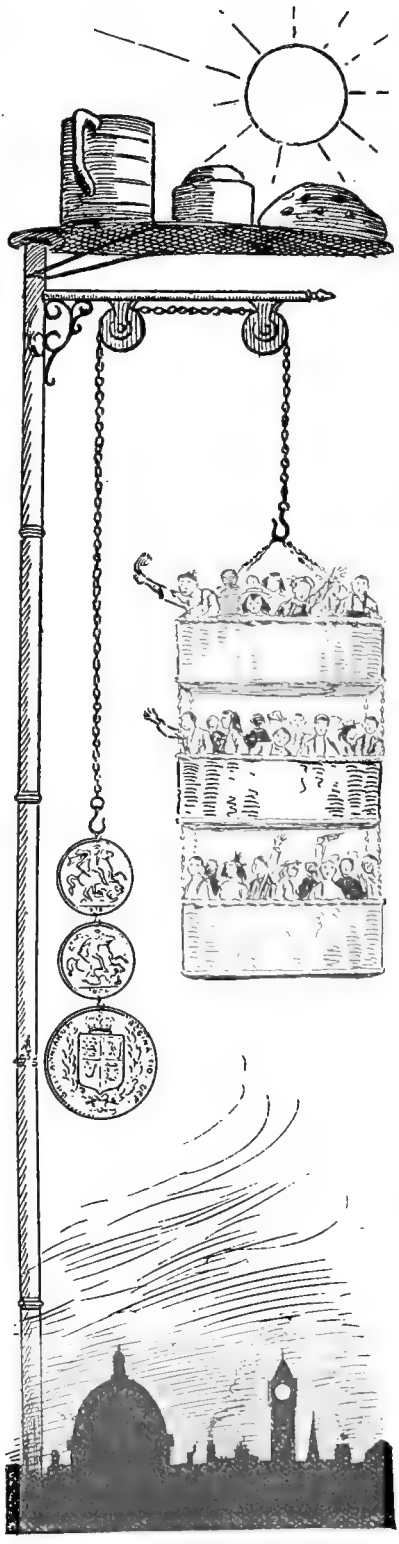
WHERE ARE THEY GOING?



WHERE are these children going? Metaphorically, up into the bright, blue sky: actually, for a day's trip into the beautiful country.

To drop once more into metaphor; it certainly seems remarkable that all those baskets full of little mortals can be shot into the blue vault of Heaven by the mere weight of three discs at the end of a pulley.

And yet the diagram gives an accurate representation of the fact. Those coins are two sovereigns and half-a-crown; a very small sum of money to raise fifty boys and girls into the Seventh Heaven of delight. If you don't see them all in these baskets, that is because a good number are round the other side, and they are packed rather tightly moreover.

The story of PEARSON'S FRESH AIR FUND is by this time a pretty familiar one to the British public. It was started in 1892 with the object of giving a day's holiday in the country to as many poor children from London as possible, with plenty to eat and drink at the small cost of ninepence per head.

The public were made cognisant of the scheme through the medium of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, the subscriptions being acknowledged in that journal. The public heartily appreciated the splendid object aimed at by freely subscribing.

One of the chief points which has always weighed with the public is this: Every penny sent in is spent on the children themselves and in the purchase of the food provided, Pearson's and the Union bearing the cost of management.

Any individual firm, or other combination, sending £8 2*s.* 0*d.* can give their name to the glorious day's joy that has thus been provided for 200 children, and sufficient teachers to look after them. In the third year the Fund grew so rapidly that the benefits were extended to the great provincial cities, and at the present time there are no fewer than twenty-four places in which the Fresh Air Fund has been established.

Let your subscriptions be sent in as early as possible. Pearson's make themselves responsible for half the sums needed to defray the cost of the number of children contracted for at the season's commencement. If no donations were received, Pearson's would lose half of £4050—viz., £2025, supposing the programme arranged was for 100,000 children. The public have never yet allowed this, and it is confidently expected that they will not this year.

Subscriptions should be sent to the Secretary of the FRESH AIR FUND, Pearson's Offices, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and they will be all acknowledged in PEARSON'S WEEKLY. Ninepence pays for one child, 7*s.* 6*d.* for ten, £4 1*s.* for 100 and attendants, and £8 2*s.* for 200 and attendants.

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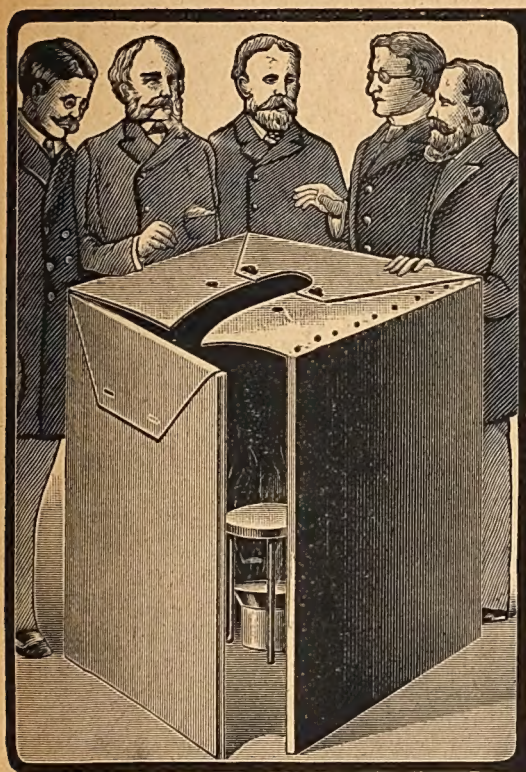

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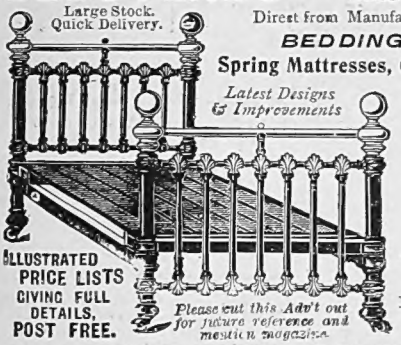

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